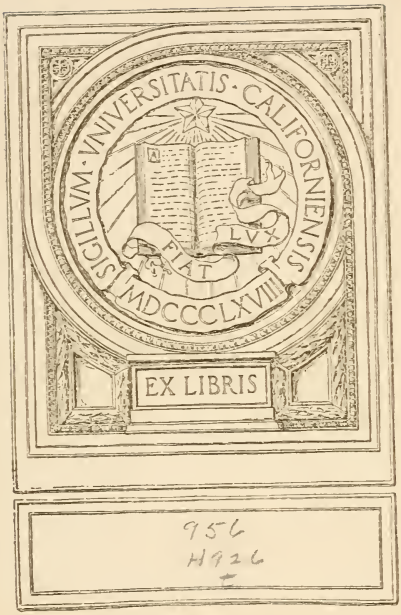
Treasury of Stories Jingles and Rhymes

Maud Humphrey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A TREASURY
OF
STORIES, JINGLES AND RHYMES.

WHO CARES FOR DINNER! THEY WOULD RATHER PLAY WHERE THEY ARE.—*Page* 11.

A TREASURY

OF

STORIES, JINGLES AND RHYMES

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY VIGNETTE ILLUSTRATIONS IN HALF-TONE AFTER

MAUD HUMPHREY

SHORT STORIES: FAIRY TALES: MOTHER GOOSE JINGLES;
VERSES BY EDITH M. THOMAS, ELIZABETH S. TUCKER
AND HELEN GRAY CONE

NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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MRS. MARY RICE MILLER

AND

ELIZABETH S. TUCKER.

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STORIES

BY

MRS. MARY RICE MILLER

AND

ELIZABETH S. TUCKER.

A DANDELION DREAM.

DANDELION–DAY in the park!
How did the babies know it?

How did the birds and the bees know it? Somehow they feel their way to what they so dearly love; they do not wait to be told. Blue sky overhead—green grass beneath, sprinkled over with dandelions and babies, the best blossoms of the spring. Little Kate is trying a dandelion under Rob's chin, to see if he likes butter. "*That* isn't the way to make butter!" says Ruth, peeping; "You can't make *real* butter shine on his chin without a buttercup!"

Fat little Grace toddles along to help Kenneth, the cutest pet of all, down on the ground, too busy to speak under his sunbonnet.

Harold and Helen are puffing away with plumped cheeks, to blow off the down of the dandelion top.

Nurse says the flower has gone to seed; so many seeds from each flower; and each seed has a fuzzy wing; and they must blow and blow, and scatter the seeds, and each one will fall somewhere and grow, and make a mintfull of dandelion dollars for poor little girls and boys.

Now count how many fuzzy seeds are left; one, two, why there are twelve; and that is the time of day. Come away, for it is dinner-time!

Who cares for dinner! They would rather play where they are than eat the best dinner in anybody's house!

But the sun will shine another day, and dandelions will

be as yellow as gold to-morrow. One other thing is certain, baby's eyes will not be half so wide open, to see; and baby will be so tired (who said *so cross?*) that she cannot half see the flowers unless she has her dinner and her nap.

One of these babies dreamed that she was lost in the meadow on grandpa's farm; that the grass was tall and the dandelions kept reaching up higher and higher, till they hid her completely. She could not see the other children, neither could nursey find her, though she cried as loud as ever she could—in a dream.

"O, *dear* dandelions!" she said, "please go to seed and blow away down to twelve, to bring the dinner-time, and surely my mamma will come to find me!"

Then she heard something which sounded like a mowing-machine, coming, clickity-click, to cut down the grass.

"O, what now shall I do!" sobbed the poor baby, in her dream. "O, *dear* grasshopper; please let me sit on your back, and jump me out of this high grass!" But he hopped the other way. Then she felt a big bird, flying low over her head; he brushed her face with his black wings.

"O, if I can just catch you now, you shall fly up with me, away, out of these tiresome old dandelions!"

She reached up her hands and caught—what do you think? Why, her papa's black whiskers; his dear face bending down to kiss her, asleep. Beside her, in the crib lay the wilted dandelions, she had brought home in the hot sunshine. Next day, there she was again, with the others—the dearest dandelion baby of them all!

HURRAH FOR THE NURSERY BAND!

THE NURSERY BAND.

HURRAH for the Nursery Band!

Eleanor is first violin; Beatrice has the mandolin: Edna takes the pretty tambourine, and Marie the banjo.

Eleanor has just jumped out of her pony-cart, and run away from her dogs, in time to begin. It is not any tune you ever heard, she is playing. Mamma's violin will hardly forgive itself for giving such squeaks and shrieks.

Baby Beatrice, with the softest voice is quite satisfied with the way she is singing, "Daithy, Daithy you mutht be crathy!" and her mamma's mandolin is astonished at its own voice, and is so proud of its musical family.

Edna thumps with her white fist at the tambourine; whirls it merrily about to hear the tinkling of the fairy bells; then peeps around it singing, "Peek-a-boo, I see you!" "I'm a band, too!" cries Marie, bobbing her yellow curls.

"Hey-day!" cries grandmamma; "Who ever heard every piece in the orchestra playing a different tune, at the same time!" "*Lots* o' music!" said Eleanor, smiling sweetly, with her ear upon the wailing violin.

"*Um*, me make music too!" said Marie, tum-ti-tum-tumming on her banjo.

The invitations which Aunt Carra had sent said "three o'clock," *and* "music by the band."

It was *almost* three o'clock, and here was the band!

"We'll put you up on the roof"; growled Uncle Harry, pretending to be vexed.

"O, Uncle Harry!" cried Edna. "You be a *real* bear, you do growl so lovely. You can dance on your hind legs, and we will make the music for you!"

And that was really what handsome Uncle Harry was doing, when the door opened softly, and who do you think stood there, seeing the fun? Why, Uncle Harry's sweetheart, who had come with Marie's mamma to grandma's birthday party. Up and down went the dear fellow, shaking his paws, bobbing his head, wobbling his russet feet as clumsily as ever he could. The dear little band was squealing away four—no, *forty*—different tunes at once. Oh, it was the funniest dance you ever saw!

"Ting-a-ling! Tum-ti-tum! Tra-la, tra-la!"

O, you know one can't write such music any more than one can hug a dancing bear—while he is dancing!

But all of a sudden the fun stopped. The bear happened to look over his shoulder and saw his lady-love laughing heartily, although grandma's finger was on her lips, a sign to keep the ladies quiet. Beyond the portiere all the mammas were waiting to pay for the music with bon-bons and kisses.

Wasn't Uncle Harry tired? And didn't the pretty lady love him better than ever, when she saw how very fond of him the *little* girls were!

After the birthday supper, Uncle Harry played the violin, while the ladies and the little girls danced; grandma sat smiling, enjoying this dance better than the other—the *eighty-year-old* darling.

FAUNTLEROY PARK.

YOU don't know where Fauntleroy Park is? Why, it is the babies' park; where the sun seems glad to shine and the children love to play.

All around it are such pretty houses, and each house has a baby or two, and a key which unlocks the park gates.

The park calls together the people who have children. The every-day baby parade is so distracting that folks who have no baby to play in the quiet walks, or to sleep in the pleasant shade, or to laugh at the sprinkling fountain, are here tempted to buy or beg one of the dimpled darlings.

Fall pampas grass used to grow here. When the white feathery plumes were cut down, they were given to the children who happened to be inside the gates.

Once upon a time, a little boy carried home his arms full: his mamma placed the gay grass flowers in a mantel vase. Very pretty it was, until a match, which a maid was striking, lit the plumes, which flashed and flared a pyramid of fire. It caught the white curtains; it snatched the pretty hangings from the poles; it quickly spoiled that pretty house on Fauntleroy Park.

No more pampas grass there after that mischief: the place where it grew is every year planted with lilies.

THE BLESSED BABIES WERE SENT TODDLING AMONG THE LILIES.

The white-capped nurses, trundling the baby-carriages, watch the sprouting of the bulbs in the early spring; watch them send up their pointed leaves, and open a bit to let a tall stalk shoot upward; to shiver off into another leaf, and another. At last the bunch of flower-buds is seen; rather clumsy at first; the new babies can have no idea of what is coming.

Day after day the wicker carriages go by, and the babies coo and chatter, and the buds are growing.

Mammas look out of the windows upon the Square, to welcome the lilies, as they open in the sunshine. Now and then a real bee, from nobody knows how far away, flies from lily to lily, helping himself to sweets.

Sometimes sad-faced men and women peep through the railings, walking slowly, wondering at the lilies and "the Square-babies," there are so many of each.

At last the lilies are all in blossom. When they begin to fade the old park gardener comes to cut them down.

"Oh, please wait a minute!" cried a gentle voice. "Do let me make a picture of those darlings!"

The nurses pushed the empty carriages down the tulip walk.

The blessed babies were sent toddling among the lilies, where their good fairy made this picture of them.

Now, when the lilies are cut again, in Fauntleroy Park, may you be there to see!

SO HERE GOES THE HOLLY!

THE HOLLY BOY.

WILL WINTER does not think himself quite dressed till somebody lends him a muff, for his dimpled hands. He has been with his sister to the church where the young people are winding Christmas wreaths. A lady gave him this bunch of holly.

Holly is the favorite Christmas trimming for the house where Will is taking it, as fast as his fat, short legs can go.

His mamma's name is Hollis; papa calls her Hollie, and they live in Holliston. So here goes the holly!

Will could travel faster if he were not in rubber boots.

They live where the snow lies deep in open squares, and where boys snowball each other. Will coaxed papa to buy these boots, so that he could frolic in the snow.

He does enjoy them very much; he feels tall and manly when he stands up in them.

When he was called in from play, to be washed and dressed for the walk to-day, pretty long stockings and dainty button shoes were laid out for him to wear.

He looked from boots to shoes, and began to whimper.

"Dust look at doze 'ittle shoes!" he said scornfully; "Dey so 'ittle nobody will see my feet!"

When sister found he felt so badly, she said; "O mamma! Let him wear the boots; he is so happy in them!"

No foot-gear since Cinderella's glass slipper has had more to do with a body's happiness than the new rubber boots

for this little man. His white wool cap matches his white coat; the red stripes on each, match the color of the holly-berries. His cheeks are almost as red, and his eyes are dark and loving. His soft voice in broken words, his gentle ways, you can hardly imagine, even with his picture in your hand. But you see he is a darling!

Next to riding, he loves best to play horse. He was riding his stick horse one day round and round the room, when mamma had a headache.

"Please, Will," she said, "be a *little* more quiet!"

Boy began to move slowly, saying: "I won't let him trot, mamma!" But soon he forgot and was making mamma giddy.

"*Dear* mamma!" he begged, "dust let me show his gait!"

The stick-horse went slower and slower, till it stopped; and the little rider curled up on the foot of mamma's couch and went to sleep.

He has a crooked tongue, when he is talking fast; at least, he said: "Mamma wants her *blub-guttoner!*" when he went to sister for the glove-buttoner. The vinegar-jug he calls the *jinegar-bug*. One day he came home from riding and told that they had gone as far as the *tail-goat*, when he meant toll-gate.

When a new horse was brought home Will asked with delight: "Do we belong to that horse, now, papa?"

When sister crowds him a little, he says: "P'ese sit a 'ittle nearer off!" He does not like much butter on his bread; "It makes it *so slippy*!" he says.

Good-bye, dear Will Winter!

CHOCOLATE CREAMS!

NOT the kind of chocolate creams that you buy in a shop, but four nice little brown-faced girlies, in white frocks. They looked as sweet as any chocolate, and their frocks were like the cream part. I felt like eating them right up! You see I was very lonely, as we were away "down South in Dixie" where mamma took me to get well, one winter. I was sitting on the verandah doing nothing—when the gate opened, and the chocolate creams came walking in one by one, and stood all in a row before me. One was shy and held her finger in her mouth all the time. One giggled behind a fan, one turned her back to hide a big bunch of flowers, and smiled at me over her shoulder—and the other one had a *muff*—on that very warm day!

They all stood still, till I said "Good-morning." Then they all giggled, and the one with the flowers said, "Mornin' *you!*" Then I said, "What's your name?" and the one with the muff said, "Sara Ann Muffina—calls me Muff for short, 'kase I likes a muff to carry." Then she nudged the one with the flowers, and *she* said, "Name's Judy Bluebell, 'kase I likes flowers so much." The one with the fan never took it down from her face, but said from behind it in a muffly voice, "My name's Ethelberta Fancy—calls me Fan for short—'kase I always has a fan,"—and then she giggled. The one with her finger in her mouth would n't say a word—and the flower girl had to tell her name. She said, "Name's Tilly Pepp'mint—'kase she loves pepp'mints so an' she always has one in her mouth, an' can't speak!"

THEY WERE THE JOLLIEST LITTLE CHOCOLATE CREAMS I EVER SAW.

Then the muff girl said, "What's *your* name?" And I told them "Charlie," and she said, "I've brought you somethin' right here in my muff—guess what?" And I had to guess a lot of things—but none of them was right, so she took out a little paper box from her muff, and I undid it, and what do you think! A lot of glass beads—red and blue and all colors. She said, "You can string 'em on a thread, an' make necklaces an' rings." And then the flower girl said, "I've brought you somethin' too!"—and she gave me her big bunch of lovely flowers.

Then the fan girl said, "So have I brought you a present." And she took her hand from behind her back and gave me—what do you suppose? A dear little live *turtle* tied by a string! Was n't *that* nice?

Then they all looked at the peppermint girl—and she put her finger in her mouth and hung her head. They all giggled again—an' when I said, "What's the matter?" then the flower girl said, "Tilly Pepp'mint, she set out to bring you some pepp'mints—but 'fore she got here, she eat them all up!"

Then Tilly Pepp'mint said, "I've got one left"—but I said, "No thank you. *You* eat it." So she popped it in her mouth, and they all giggled together!

I asked them to stay and play with me—but they only giggled again, and went out of the gate one by one, and away down the road. They were too shy to stay. But they were the jolliest little chocolate creams I ever saw.

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

O, YOU DEAR LITTLE TROUBLESOME TOTS!

SIX WIDE-AWAKES.

SIX wide-awake babies, bless them!

That means six baths, six breakfasts this morning; at least as many kisses as there are toes and fingers apiece.

O, you dear little troublesome tots!

What a small place in the house you seem to fill; the smallest chair, the tiniest bed. But if you slip away, there is a hollow which "all the king's horses, and all the king's men" cannot fill.

Each one, as it comes along, its grandma has called the dearest and sweetest she ever saw.

Babies are like parrots and monkeys in doing and saying what people about them do and say.

No cross nurse has ever slapped one baby in this picture; no naughty brother has struck one. Only gentle hands and voices have been around them—at least we hope so. Only pleasant thoughts and fancies are dropped into their mind gardens; so, only lovely actions spring up and blossom there; peep through their eyes and see.

Of course they are not all the time so dreadfully clean as when they were having their picture taken. A little fresh dirt does not hurt any baby.

The boy who is pulling his playmate's hair seems to be doing it politely! Behind him is another fellow, a wholesale dealer in flowers. He has given the girl on each side of him a handful, and the patient one in the corner knows she will have some, soon.

You would have a heartache if you knew how many little folks in great cities have no flowers.

Paradise Park in New York is a shabby bit of dry grass, with a few miserable trees, and some wooden benches.

It is never like the Paradise we dream about, except on Saturday afternoons in summer time. Then, down the narrow street, drives a big wagon, filled with country flowers.

These are given into dirty little hands that get soap and water as rarely as they get flowers, there. Old people come, carrying babies, all forlorn; every one gets a flower.

O, how the children push and crowd to get near, for fear there will not be enough for all. Hundreds of boys and girls, shouting: "O, *please* give me a rose!" "O, lady, my mother is sick; do send her a growing flower!" "Say, mister! This 'ere little chap didn't get any!"

O, dear! You cannot hear your own voice in the hubbub.

At last the flowers are all given away; the basket must be turned up side down, and the wagon driven out of sight before the children start.

There they go! They carry the bright, sweet-smelling flowers up into garrets, down into cellars, where there is not one other single pretty thing.

Yellow haired German babies; dark skinned Italian babies; milk white Irish babies.

Listen to papa! He says they are all *American* babies; we must never forget that; although their fathers and mothers came over the sea.

"SIX BEST BABIES."

SOME people say they like six babies best when they are fast asleep !

Six shops full of candies, six cafés full of cakes and pies which we cannot reach, are not so good as one box of sweets at home, to eat with someone we love.

So, six little pets asleep in the public garden, are not worth so much to you and me as our one baby at home, asleep or awake.

If we could only help ourselves to one of these tired babes, who has nodded off to sleep among the posies ! But how could we choose, while the fringed curtains are down before the windows of baby's face ?

Step softly ! There ! One has heard you and lifts her head, rubbing her dimpled knuckles against her sleepy eye. Now if she catches sight of us, she may cry long and loud !

Wonder if she has any teeth ! Suppose she can talk ?

How came these human flowers here ? Did they fall, together, from some balloon passing overhead ? It would be a pity to let one fall where it was not wanted !

Somebody loves these babies ; for see how cunning are their little gowns and bibs. This small jacket shows how fast this fellow has grown.

It may be a baby show, and we have come too early.

IT MAY BE A BABY SHOW.

Wise babies! When there is nothing else to do it is best to go to sleep. That will save your shoes and your nerves, and keep the spectacle man far off.

You know some one who loves a pug?

You ask what babies are good for?

Good for earth and good for heaven; good to frolic, to learn, to love, to grow up to be good boys and girls.

Pugs and puppies are amusing; but don't put one in the scales against a dewy-lipped, starry-eyed baby! Pug would be ashamed of himself, and wriggle away, and run to the kennel or the stable.

But you have no baby at your house?

Well, you can find places where there is a baby for every brick in the sidewalk. To give one of them a nice home, with a bed and a bath and something to eat would be jolly; bye-and-bye it would be better than a dog when it could talk to you and sing.

You know a cat that is loved like a baby?

Don't bother to tell us about that, either.

Why, babies are even better than flowers, for they bloom all the year round!

In some countries, people do not think very much of baby-girl; but here she is worth her weight in gold; worth just as much as her brother.

Hush! The babies are sleeping yet!

Perhaps this is all the show there is to be!

Let us tiptoe home, and leave them dreaming among the flowers.

DEAR LITTLE JAPANESE GIRLS

IN JAPAN.

PERHAPS your name is Rose or Lily; or perhaps you know some little girls who have been named after those flowers. But did you ever know one named *Kiku?*

That is a common name in Japan; the chrysanthemum is called *Kiku* there; it is much easier to spell and to speak, surely. In this picture of dear little Japanese girls, Kiku is showing you some of her name-flowers.

The little friend next to her is named Haru. You think that is a queer name? Everything is queer in Japan, but the flowers! Haru, and all the girls and ladies must have a ribbon tied about the waist; what we call a sash, they call *obi*.

Next to Haru is pretty Ilo. Do you see how the hair of each little beauty is tucked up in a puff, waxed smooth and shiny? Nobody's hair in Japan is dressed every day! At night, people do not tumble about on hot feather pillows, soft beds and bouncing springs. They sleep upon mats on the floor, which keep them straight; and their heads rest on a box; in that way the hair is not rumpled, but keeps beautifully smooth for several days. You would rather see it all rumpled? But you are not in Japan! How would you like to wake up and find your house rocking; glass and silver jingling; pictures swinging from the walls; and know it was an earthquake that was rocking you? They are quite used to such little things in Japan.

The fourth pet is Sono ; she wonders if you were ever carried on your brother's back ? In Japan, you might see a boy coming towards you on the street and think he surely had two heads ! But as he passed you would see he was taking his younger brother or sister for a walk ; or, perhaps was playing with a baby tied to his back !

You would admire the splendid kites which are almost always to be seen flying in the air, with wonderful shapes and faces. Men make the kites and fly them with the boys. And what is just as delightful, the women play with dolls ! They make clothes for them, and carry them out on the streets, just as you little girls do in our parks.

Everybody in Japan has flowers and umbrellas.

They spend most of their time out of doors : they do not teach the children very much ; they play about almost as idly as kittens, and are good-natured and gentle.

They have black hair, bright eyes and clear yellow skin.

You would not change your blue-eyed baby for Kiku's little sister ! And she would not have such an ugly black umbrella as your mamma's !

The umbrellas in Sono's house are of bright colors, with flowers and pictures on them. On the mantel are lovely snakes and toads, in bronze and china, and over the doors are horrid big heads with great round eyes and grinning mouths and long red tongues.

You would want to run away from the sight ?

But you would laugh at it if you had grown where these Jap babies grew, in Japan.

FOUR LITTLE PLUMS!

MR. PLUM lives on a Long Island farm, where there is room and time for these little Plums to grow and ripen in the sun. The smallest, sweetest Plum is a graft from a Quaker farm; her great-grandma sat on the facing seat in a Friend's Meeting-house, and never said anything more severe than thee and thou.

The next Plum has another flavor. Her other great-grandma went up on the roof and rang a bell, when the British soldiers were in the house, looking for money and silver spoons. *Crack*, went the muskets, *bang* went the guns below; ding-a-ling-aling, went the girl's dinner-bell; not a shot hitting her. The soldiers were scared, and jumped into their boats; they were rowing out of the harbor when the neighbors came to help. Look at this second Plum; she could do the same.

Master Ned battles with the bugs in the melon patch and potato field as his great-grandfather fought for Molly Stark, with all his might. Master Ned feeds the chickens and has a share of eggs and fowls to sell.

They have a garden patch and plant what they please; they sow seeds, they pull weeds, and their father sells their lettuce and radishes with his own.

The mother—the best Plum of all!—gives the children a sum of money every Saturday. They keep account books, and put down what money they get, where it goes and what it buys. At the top of the cover of Ned's book, is this:

FOUR LITTLE PLUMS!

NED PLUMS ALOUENS.

You will make *allowance* for his spelling; his counting is all right.

Out of this money must come all the presents they make in the year; Birthdays and Christmas. They do not give what other people buy for them.

If you could be in this Plum orchard a while you would learn many things you are not expected to learn in the city.

Patty and Ned counted twenty kinds of weeds in a walk with me;—dandelion, catnip, mullein, plantain, snap-dragon, mayweed, dock, clover, smartweed, burdock, chickweed, thistle, sheep-sorrel, pigweed, horse-sorrel, tansy, peppermint, penny-royal and spearmint. All in a morning walk, by the roadside, in the woods and by the brook.

And the birds! The country children love the birds, and know their names and how and where they build their nests.

Louise, the big sister, is a little mother to baby, and saves her dear mamma many steps in each busy day.

It is too bad that their Newfoundland dog, Roger, is not in the picture. In the country, a big, faithful dog, seems part of a child's life. Roger hunts the weasel in the stone wall, which catches the young chickens. Roger finds the woodchuck, and keeps him shut in, till Ned or his father comes.

You may be sure that wide-awake country children have many chances to learn easily, from day to day, what city boys and girls learn slowly, from books and tutors.

Do you wish you were a Plum?

THE FAIRIES OF TO-DAY.

THE FAIRIES OF TO-DAY.

THE first fairy was looking out of her mother's window when she spied a pale-faced lady, alone, at a window opposite. She kissed her hand; the lady smiled, but wiped her eyes. Somebody said that lady had lost her children.

"Mamma," said the first fairy, "you say my bright eyes find lost things! May I help that lady find her children?"

"You may, dear Sunbeam!"

And when Sunbeam shone into the quiet room across the street, the lady grasped the little hand, which led her down the street, around a corner into a dark alley.

"There are so many children here," she said, "if your lost babies are not among them, you can help yourself!"

The sunbeam and the lady's gold lighted up the alley, and a Day Nursery grew out of the first fairy's heart.

The second fairy was dancing among the flowers when she saw an old man going by; all bent with troubles. The fairy filled his hands with flowers. Looking down upon her smiling face, he breathed the sweetness of her lilies and roses, until *he smiled!* Only a fairy could make old Mr. Moneybags smile.

The third fairy saw little Sammy Bowlegs hobbling upon his ankles, before his mother's door.

"What makes him walk so queerly?" the fairy asked.

Mrs. Bowlegs (so the street-boys called her) answered from the door:

"I wash all day, honey; and Sammy takes care of him-

self ; he walked too soon, and made his legs crooked for life!"

"I think not!" said fairy ; hurrying on to see her uncle, a very great doctor.

"Why, Fly-away ; how came you here alone?" he asked.

"I could n't wait for mamma! I just found the lamest boy! Cure him, and I will give you my darling dog!"

Now, if you pass that laundry door, you will see Sammy, quite happy, with a sort of harness on his feet and with splinted legs. No more tears fall into the tub ; he and his mother believe in fairies!

My fourth fairy, like a honey-bee, sucks sweets from every thing! If it rains, she says: "Now I can clean my dollys' house and wash their clothes!"

If the company expected does not come, she says: "Never mind, mamma ; we can play with each other!"

When Meg broke off the best doll's head, she said, "We'll wrap it up and play it is a mummy!"

When papa goes away she comforts mamma: "There will be the letters! And we will meet him when the steamer comes in!"

Her mouth is a rainbow between her smiles and tears.

Perhaps she is the best kind of every-day-fairy, for a pattern, to copy after. She is ready to make the best of everything. *Are you?*

Don't be looking in hollow trees and under toad-stools for fairies. But look in the glass. You will see there a good fairy, or a bad fairy—which shall it be?

"PEACHES AND CREAM!"

THAT is the luscious name by which these lovely, lively little women are known.

If you do not like this kind of Peaches and Cream, perhaps you have not any heart, or it has fallen into the place where you put the other kind of peaches and cream. Such jolly little Peaches—such sweet little Creams!

It was Aunt Bess, in her studio at Woodstock, who gave them this name. She had invited these four little neighbors to visit her boys, Max and Fritz.

One of these little women loves to sew. Aunt Bess has given her a work-bag with a doll's apron in it, blunt scissors and a wee thimble. This is Mabel. Max made that wreath for her to wear while her picture is being painted. Mabel is as sweet as cream.

One of the Peaches, Constance, is fond of "making believe" stories and plays. Aunt Bess has given her a pad tied with bright ribbons, to make a book.

The pink-cheeked Peach, Agatha, wanted a slate like Fritz's; so Aunt Bess has hung one on her arm, to have all to her own self, forever and ever, or till it is broken.

The shyest little Cream, Dorothy, wanted to write a letter to her mamma, who is far away; so Max gave her a big sheet of paper.

SUCH JOLLY LITTLE PEACHES—SUCH SWEET LITTLE CREAMS!

These four little women are growing too fast; that is all the fault anybody can find with them.

Aunt Bess says there is only one thing to do about it. And she is going to do it!

They have had a tea-party, on her piazza; where the white roses climb on the lattice. The pitcher of tea-kettle tea is empty, and the goodies are all eaten, and now for the picture! *That* will not let them grow, after to-day. Here they shall stay, so little—so big.

Now if there were a market, really and truly, where a Mr. Cupid was selling such Peaches and Cream, which one of these would you like to buy, little boy? *Whisper;* no one shall hear!

Agatha, with the slate, would tease you to make pictures, all day.

Dorothy would perhaps get crying for her mamma and the Cream would be *almost* sour.

Constance would make a "Little Boy Blue" of you, or a "Jack the Giant-killer;" you must always be playing you are somebody else, when Constance is the mistress.

And Mabel is so fond of cutting! Your hair and your kite, and your heart-strings might all be snipped before you knew it.

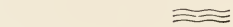
Don't be in a hurry, dear little man, to get this kind of Peaches and Cream. Be *v-e-r-y* sure which kind you really want. Then wait till you have a nice place all your own to put one in; a place to lock up; and there will be only one key, and you will carry that safely in your heart.

RHYMES

BY

HELEN GRAY CONE.

A LECTURE.



HER subject was a chestnut;
Her lecture was a treat;
She said, a fairy hid inside
And lived upon the meat.

And if you tried to roast it,
You'd find if this were true;
The shell would open with a "pop!"
While off the fairy flew.

The only proof still lacking,—
And somehow hard to get,—
Was just to see the fairy fly,
Which had not happened yet!

Helen Gray Cone.

HER SUBJECT WAS A CHESTNUT;
HER LECTURE WAS A TREAT.

LITTLE BUTTERFLIES.

WHAT are you following, wistful eyes?
The golden flocks of the butterflies?
What is the secret you long to know?
Whence and whither they come and go?

Whence each comes like a flying flower,
Is a fairy tale for a twilight hour;
Of a wingless creature that can but creep,
Of a silken shroud and a folded sleep.

Whither each goes, is a dream for you
To dream on your pillow a long night through;
Of boundless fields and a wind set free,
And a blue sky deep as the soundless sea!

Helen Gray Cone.

WHAT ARE YOU FOLLOWING, WISTFUL EYES?
THE GOLDEN FLOCKS OF THE BUTTERFLIES?

THE MAY BASKET.

VIOLET and Maidenhair,
Once in happy weather,
Went to hang a May-basket,
Straying off together.

Up the street and down the lane
They wandered east and west;
But brought it back to mother's door,
Because they loved her best!

Helen Gray Cone.

VIOLET AND MAIDENHAIR,
ONCE IN HAPPY WEATHER,
WENT TO HANG A MAY-BASKET,
STRAYING OFF TOGETHER.

NOVEMBER PLUMES.

I LOVE the white chrysanthemums;
For when their time of blooming comes
I think of Fairy Princes brave,
With great snow-plumes that float and wave.

Like proud white princes, fair and bold,
They grace the gardens in the cold.
And toss along the Autumn air
A scent of something strange and rare;
Fit flowers for my white prince to wear!

Helen Gray Cone.

A SCENT OF SOMETHING STRANGE AND RARE;
FIT FLOWERS FOR MY WHITE PRINCE TO WEAR!

SPRING WONDER.

LOVELOCKS and Sweetlips,
Rose and Kiss-me-quick,
All wonder, wonder, wonder
At the downy baby chick.

"Cheep, cheep," the chick says;
The meaning can you tell?
"I wonder, wonder, wonder
At the world outside the shell!"

O big world, O bright world,
And wider than they know,
Be good to little chirping chicks
That wonder at you so!

Helen Gray Cone.

ALL WONDER, WONDER, WONDER
AT THE DOWNY BABY CHICK.

SECRETS.

YOU'LL never tell about the humming-bird
That came into the garden yesterday—
No, not a word! for may be if he heard
He'd
stay
away!

And other secrets we will keep just so,
And you'll tell only me, and I'll tell you;
And Toddles, when he's big enough, you know,
We'll
tell
him
too!

Helen Gray Cone.

AND OTHER SECRETS WE WILL KEEP JUST SO,
AND YOU'LL TELL ONLY ME, AND I'LL TELL YOU.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

ABOVE the rosy boys and girls
The mystic shoots like watchers lean,
With glistening berries grey as pearls,
And listening elfin ears of green.

"Though folks are queer, this time of year,
We'll do just what they told us to;
Just why it is, we're not so clear,
But you kiss me and I'll kiss you!"

Helen Gray Cone.

JUST WHY IT IS WE'RE NOT SO CLEAR,
BUT YOU KISS ME AND I'LL KISS YOU!

THE FIRST FOREBODING.

NOT many griefs has Daffodil;
Not many dews her dear eyes fill;
Her voice is gay, her smile is sunny,
Her little heart is full of honey.

Yet I have seen her sad, because
Her own gray kitten, Velvet-Paws,
Will grow and change—just think of that!—
Will change and grow, and be a cat!

How pleasant life would be, oh dear!
If daffodils bloomed all the year,
And willow catkins stayed just so,
And own gray kittens didn't grow!

Helen Gray Cone.

HOW PLEASANT LIFE WOULD BE, OH DEAR!
IF OWN GRAY KITTENS DIDN'T GROW!

"ONE, TWO, THREE—MISS!"

NOW, Flaxen-Floss in the red riding hat,
What is the thing that you are puzzled at?
I fancy it is something like to this:
Why cannot anybody keep right on?
Why is it, that however high you've gone,
At last you miss?

I can't tell why; but this is the amount—
If you should jump longer than you can count,
As many times as grass-blades are, and past,—
As many times as there are stars in heaven,—
Yes, if you jumped right on to twenty-leven,
You'd miss at last!

It's just the reason why the bubbles break;
Why water-lilies cannot hold awake;
Why fire-fly lanterns go out now and then;
Why often elder folk, in life's grave game,
Just have to stop, sigh "miss!" and without shame
Begin again.

Helen Gray Cone.

WHY IS IT, THAT HOWEVER HIGH YOU'VE GONE,
AT LAST YOU MISS?

LILY.

O LILY, wonder-sweet
And pure as snow,
I cannot touch you,
Though I love you so.

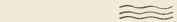
It seems as though,
From out the blue aloft,
A cloud of angels drifted,
Slow and soft.

And resting on your tall green stalks
I found them.
With wings half-folded, and
Heaven's fragrance round them.

Helen Gray Cone.

O LILY, WONDER-SWEET AND PURE AS SNOW.
I CANNOT TOUCH YOU, THOUGH I LOVE YOU SO.

BO-PEEP.



APPLECHEEKS and Dimplechin,
Chancing on the clever plan,
Played Bo-peep, with merry din,
Round an outspread fan.

"Now I see you!" What delight!
"Now then, now then, *I* see *you!*"
How they laughed! The day was bright,
And the fan was blue.

Why was this so sweet? Ah, why?
Weary women, grown-up men,
That's the secret you and I
Ne'er shall know again!

Helen Gray Cone.

PLAYED BO-PEEP, WITH MERRY DIN,
ROUND AN OUTSPREAD FAN.

A CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

JUST be patient, dolly,
We will get you out!
Seems to me she's very good,
Doesn't cry nor pout!

Didn't hear the sleigh-bells—
Wonder when he came?
Aren't you glad her eyes are brown?
Wonder what's her name?

Guess he wouldn't like it,
Smothered up all night,
If he found a chimney once
Fitted him so tight.

Helen Gray Cone.

JUST BE PATIENT, DOLLY, WE WILL GET YOU OUT!
SEEMS TO ME SHE'S VERY GOOD, DOESN'T CRY NOR POUT!

WHILE BLOSSOM-BABY'S BLUE, BLUE EYES,
AS CLEAR AS SKIES OF SPRING,
ARE WIDE WITH INNOCENT SURPRISE.

THE DANDELION CHAIN.

THE green field smoothed
her velvet gown
The gifts of Spring to hold;
Spring laughed, and in her
lap threw down
A shower of guinea-gold.

The burnished dandelions
burn
Beneath the sunny sky;
But dandelion-gold will turn
To silver by and by.

So let us link a chain, to
deck,
In this gay golden hour,
Our Blossom-Baby's rose-leaf
neck,
That's softer than a flower:

While Blossom-Baby's blue,
blue eyes,
As clear as skies of Spring,
Are wide with innocent sur-
prise
To see the shining thing!

Helen Gray Cone.

TELL ME, WHAT DOES THE HUSK YOU HOLD
IN THE WARM LITTLE FINGERS, HIDE?

HIDDEN PEARLS.

SILKEN-LOCKS in the summer corn,
Softly a-stir in the dreamy air,
Two round years, since you were born,
Have rolled away and been lost somewhere.

People are wise at two years old,
Serious-lipped and sober-eyed;
Tell me, what does the husk you hold
In the warm little fingers, hide?

What if we pried and tried to see?—
Under the light-green, tangled silk,
Folded away from you and me,
Wonderful pearls, as white as milk!

—Ah, she looks up, and smiles, and shows,
Parting her lips, my grave wee girl,
Milky-white in their tiny rows,
Treasures of dearer pearl!

Helen Gray Cone.

I KNOW THE ROGUE WHO DRAINS THEM,
A ROBBER BOLD AND SMALL;
THE LAST DROP IN THE WINE-SKIN
HE LIKES THE BEST OF ALL.

FAIRY WINE-SKINS.

WHEN dusky grapes in clusters
Weigh down the ropes of vine,
Like dusty leathern bottles,
Plumped out with fairy wine,

I know the rogue who drains them,
A robber bold and small;
The last drop in the wine-skin
He likes the best of all.

Each russet sack he presses,
And stains with red the tips
Of all his gypsy fingers,
And both his eager lips.

O Peach-Cheeks, when the fairies
By moonlight seek the vine,
And find a heap of empty sacks
But not a drop of wine,

Just fancy how they'll grumble
  Because you've spoiled the feast,
While you are soundly sleeping,
  Not caring in the least;

Lids fast and lashes fallen,
  And dreaming that it's true
That all the world's a great round grape,
  Full ripe, and meant for you!

A SOLDIER OF THE SNOWS.

MY brave boy loves the winter-time;
He loves the bright, wild days
When the strong sun shines, and the icy trees
With a host of bayonets blaze;
And the silver bullets drop left and right,
And the wind goes charging past
With the whirl of a thousand cuirassiers
And the sound of a trumpet-blast!

From a veteran tree, all scarred and gray,
He has wrested a steely bough;
He has captured the enemy's colors gay,—
In his face he bears them now!
He bears them in his merry face,
That's like the bold red rose;
And henceforth he shall ever be
My Soldier of the Snows!

FROM A VETERAN TREE, ALL SCARRED AND GRAY,
HE HAS WRESTED A STEELY BOUGH.

A RHYME OF CHANGING CHILDREN.

WHERE are last year's little folk,
Whom we loved and knew?
—Hair a trifle browner gold;
Eyes not quite so blue.

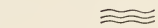
Where's that curve in Rose-Red's cheek
Used to please me so?
Where, the curls that Love-Locks had
Not so long ago?

Just as Spring in Summer's lost,
Sure it is and clear,
Every child is children four
In a single year!

WHERE'S THAT CURVE IN ROSE-RED'S CHEEK
USED TO PLEASE ME SO?

FAIRY TALES.

THE THREE BEARS.



DID you ever hear of the three Bears who lived in the middle of a wood, in a little house of their own? One was a great big Bear with a very gruff deep voice; the second was a middling-sized Bear, with an ordinary middling-sized voice; and the third was a little wee Bear, with a tiny voice like a squeak.

One day, they all went out for a walk in the wood before breakfast, and while they were gone, a little girl called Silver-locks passed by and saw the nice little house standing there. So she opened the door and walked into the Bears' sitting-room. On the table she saw three bowls of smoking-hot porridge, and by the side of each bowl was a spoon. The first bowl was very large, and by it lay a large spoon. So Silver-locks tasted the large bowl of porridge, but it was so hot that it burned her mouth. Then she tried the second bowl, which was a middling-sized bowl, and had a middling-sized spoon, but this porridge was not hot enough.

THEN SHE TRIED THE MIDDLING-SIZED BED.

Then she tried the third bowl, which was a little wee bowl, with a little wee spoon, and the porridge was so delicious that she ate it all up. Then she felt tired and thought that she would like to sit down. She looked round the room, and saw that there were three chairs there. One was a very large chair, so she got up on that, but she found it so hard that she soon clambered down again. Then she tried the second chair, which was a middling-sized chair, but this was so soft that she sank down in it, and felt quite lost. So this did not please her, and she got off it and tried the third chair, which was a little tiny chair, and this was so comfortable that she sat there until the bottom came out. And when this happened, little Silver-locks thought that she had better go through the house and see what else was there. So she went up-stairs, and there she found a nice tidy little bedroom with three white beds in it. One was quite big, and she got into that, but it was hard, like the big chair down-stairs, so she got up again. Then she tried the middling-sized bed, but that was too soft, like the middling-sized chair, so that did not please her. And then she lay down on the little bed, and this was so comfortable that she fell fast asleep. After a time, the three Bears came in from their walk to have their breakfast. First came the big Bear, and when he saw the spoon in his porridge, he roared in his big gruff voice: "SOMEONE HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" Then the second Bear came in, and he looked at his bowl, and said in his middling voice: "SOMEONE HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" And

when the little bear looked at his bowl, he squeaked: "*Someone has been eating my porridge, and has eaten it all up!*"

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE, AND HAS EATEN IT ALL UP!"

Then the three Bears knew that someone had been in the house, so they looked round the room, and the big Bear roared out: "SOMEONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, TOO!" said the middling-sized Bear. "*Someone has been sitting in my chair,*" squeaked the little Bear, "*and has sat the bottom*

out!" Then the three Bears looked very grave, and they went up-stairs to their bedroom. The big Bear found his bed all tossed, so he roared: "SOMEONE HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" SOMEONE HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED, TOO!" said the middling-sized Bear. Then the little bear squeaked in his wee voice: "*Someone has been lying in my bed, and here she is!*" And they all three collected round Silver-locks, who was gazing at them in terror, for when she heard the voice of the big Bear she thought it was thunder in her dreams. When the second Bear had spoken she had not noticed him at all because his voice was quite an ordinary voice, but when she heard the little Bear squeaking, she had waked immediately. Suddenly she jumped off the bed, and leaped out of the open window, and fled away into the wood.

"WELL, SHE MIGHT HAVE TOLD US HER NAME," roared the big Bear.

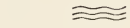
"CERTAINLY," said the middling-sized Bear.

"*Certainly,*" squeaked the little wee Bear.

But little Silver-locks was never seen or heard of any more.

ON HER FEET WERE SLIPPERS THAT SHONE LIKE GLASS.

CINDERELLA.



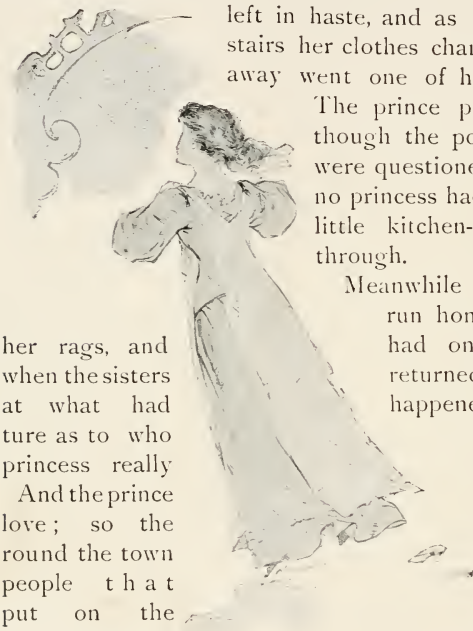
ONCE upon a time there lived a widower and his daughter, and she was as sweet a child as ever lived! The father decided to marry again, and took for a wife a widow with two daughters, who he fancied would be company for his own little girl. But they were cross and unpleasant, and treated the child most shamefully, making her work like a servant and dress in rags, while they took their ease, and dressed in silks and fine laces. When her work was done she sat on the hearth, among the ashes and cinders, and for that reason they called her Cinderella. The stepmother treated her just as unkindly, and the poor girl had a hard time of it, but made no complaint to her father.

One day the king sent heralds to proclaim that a ball would be given for the prince, his son, and all the young girls were invited to dance at it. Such a time as there was! The two sisters were in a great flutter of preparation, and Cinderella was kept busy from early morning till

late at night. At last the evening came, and Cinderella dressed her two sisters, and they went off to the ball in grandeur, while she sat down in the chimney corner and wept bitter tears. While she sat thus her fairy godmother appeared and asked what was the matter. "You want to go to the ball?" said she. "Well, so you shall." "But how can I go in these rags?" cried Cinderella. "I'll soon fix that. Only do as I tell you," was the reply. A pumpkin was brought in and a rat-trap filled with rats and mice, and these, at a touch from the magic wand, were transformed into a fine coach with driver and footmen. Another touch of the wand, and Cinderella's rags turned into a beautiful dress, and on her feet were slippers that shone like glass. "Now go to the ball," said the godmother, "but be sure and come away before twelve o'clock, or you will find yourself in rags."

Cinderella went to the ball, and was the most beautiful woman there, and the prince fell madly in love with her. It was nearly twelve o'clock when Cinderella remembered, and flew away—just in time. For outside the door her clothes turned to rags, and the rats and mice went scurrying off. Soon after she reached home the sisters came in and told her all about the ball, and the lovely princess who was there. She begged to go to the second ball, which was to take place the next night; but they laughed at her scornfully. The fairy godmother came again, and used her magic wand, and at the ball Cinderella was the admiration of all. The prince was so attentive and the time

passed so swiftly that Cinderella forgot. And when she looked at the clock, it was on the stroke of twelve! She left in haste, and as she ran down the stairs her clothes changed to rags, and away went one of her glass slippers. The prince picked it up, and though the porters at the door were questioned, they said that no princess had passed,—only a little kitchen-wench had run through.



AS SHE RAN DOWN THE STAIRS HER CLOTHES CHANGED TO RAGS.

Meanwhile Cinderella had run home all the way in her rags, and had only just arrived when the sisters returned, full of wonder at what had happened, and of conjecture as to who the beautiful princess really was.

And the prince fell sick with love; so the king sent heralds round the town to inform the people that whoever could put on the little glass slipper dropped at the ball should marry his son.

Everyone tried it on, but it was too tiny, and fitted no one.

Finally, the heralds came to the two sisters, but they fared no better, tug and strain as they would.

"Let me try it," said Cinderella; and the sisters objected. But the herald said that his orders were to try it on everyone.

So Cinderella put it on with the greatest ease, and then she drew the fellow-slipper from her pocket, and when she had put this on, she stood up in her robes of gold and silver, and the sisters knew that she was the princess they had seen, and begged her forgiveness.

Then Cinderella married the prince, and soon after the two sisters, who had learned to subdue their pride, married two lords of the court.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

THERE was once a wood-cutter and his wife, who had one little girl. She was very pretty, with sweet blue eyes and golden hair; and she could feed the pigs, and sew seams, and churn the butter; so she was very useful to her mother. In the next village lived her old grandmother, who loved her so much that she made a scarlet hood for her to keep her warm, and when the neighbors saw it they called her "Little Red Riding Hood."

One day her mother said to her: "Granny has been very ill. Put on your hood and run and see her, and take her these cheesecakes and this pat of fresh butter that I have made for her." Little Red Riding Hood started off very

happily, with her basket on her arm, and soon came to a wood that lay between the two villages. Just then a wolf, who was passing, saw her, and came up to speak to her. He would very much have liked to kill her and eat her, but there were some wood-cutters cutting trees close by, and he did not dare to touch her. So he came up to her in the most friendly way and said: "Where are you going, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"I am going to see my grandmother, dear Mr. Wolf," answered the little girl. "Where does she live?" asked the wolf. "Oh, she lives in the first cottage past yonder mill. She is very ill, so I am taking her these cheesecakes and a pat of butter that my mother has made for her."

"If she is so ill, I will go and see her too," said the wolf. "I will go this way, and go you through the woods, and we will see which gets there first." So saying, he shambled off, and then ran all the way to the cottage.

Tap, tap, he knocked at the cottage door. "Who is there?" asked grandmother. "It is I," answered the wolf, in a soft voice. "Little Red Riding Hood; I have brought you nice fresh cakes and butter."

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will lift up," called out the old grandmother.

And the wolf pulled the bobbin, and lifted the latch, and entered the cottage. Then he ate up the poor old grandmother, and when he had quite eaten her up, he put on her night-gown, and pulled her frilled night-cap right over his ugly rough head, and got into bed. "The old lady was

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD OPENED THE DOOR.

tough," he said, "but the little girl will be a delicate morsel."

But Little Red Riding Hood lingered on in the wood. It was so bright and fresh there. Everything was happy and full of life. She chased the dainty butterflies for very glee, and then she gathered a posy of primroses and violets for the old grandmother, who could not get out and see the spring flowers grow. At last, tired with her play, she set off to reach her grandmother's cottage.

She knocked at the door, and the wolf, softening his voice as much as possible, called out: "Pull the bobbin and the latch will lift up." Little Red Riding Hood opened the door and walked in.

"Put the basket on the table, and come into bed with me," said the wolf, "for I feel cold." Little Red Riding Hood thought that her grandmother's voice was very hoarse, but then she remembered that this might be on account of her bad cold, and being an obedient little girl, she got into bed.

But when she saw the hairy arms she began to grow frightened. "What long arms you have, grandmother."

"The better to hug you with, my dear!"

Then she saw the long ears sticking up outside the night-cap. "What great ears you have, grandmother."

"The better to hear you with, my dear!"

"What large eyes you have, grandmother."

"The better to see you with, my dear!"

"But what great teeth you have, grandmother." "The better to eat you with, my dear!" And so saying, the

wicked wolf fell upon poor Little Red Riding Hood and ate her all up.

That evening, as the wood-cutters were coming home from their work, they saw Little Red Riding Hood pulling flowers in the wood. They called her, but she took no notice, and walked on through the wood till she came to the grandmother's cottage. Here she vanished, and the woodcutters, bursting open the door, found the wolf lying there asleep, and slew him with their axes.

Oftentimes in the woods you will see Little Red Riding Hood walking along with the basket on her arm, and her posy of wild flowers in her hand, sweet and happy, as she was in life.

"THE BETTER TO EAT YOU WITH, MY DEAR!"

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

ONCE upon a time a rich gentleman and his wife lived happily with their two little children, a boy and a girl, until a sad time came, when both the father and the mother died.

The father had a brother, to whom he gave the care of his beloved children.

After they became orphans, the two little children went to live with this uncle, who was a bad man at heart, although he was thought to be kind and good.

Their father had left to these children a large sum of money, which was to be divided between them; but, in case of their death, their uncle was to have it.

One day this wicked uncle sent for two robbers, and bargained with them to take the children away, and kill them, so that he might secure their fortune.

So the two robbers carried them off to the woods; but on the way the children prattled so innocently that one of the robbers took pity on them, and tried to persuade the other to allow the children to live. The other robber refused, and the two fought over the matter until one of them was killed.

The other robber then took the babes by the hand, and told them to wait for him, and he would go away, and come back, bringing them food; but the poor little brother and sister wandered up and down, and the robber never came back.

Finally, with their arms about one another, they fell asleep, never to wake again; and the birds came and sang over them, and covered them with leaves.

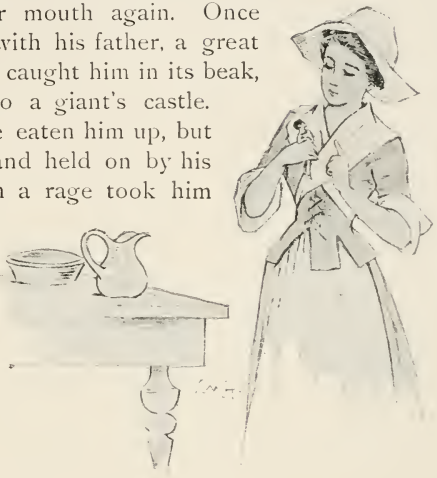
After years had passed away, the wicked uncle met with many misfortunes, and finally was sent to prison, and died there.

THE BIRDS CAME AND SANG OVER THEM, AND COVERED THEM WITH LEAVES.

TOM THUMB.

A LONG time ago a ploughman wished for a child, even if it was no bigger than his thumb. So one day when he went home he found his wife nursing a wee baby, that grew to the size of his thumb and then never grew any more. One day while his mother was making a plum-pudding, Tom fell into the bowl, and his mother stirred him up and put him in the pot. The hot water made him kick, and his mother took out the pudding and gave it to a passing tinker. Tom cried out "Hello!" when the tinker sneezed, which so scared him that he threw the pudding into a field and it tumbled to pieces. Tom crept out and went home to his mother, who was glad to see him, though he was all over a crust of dough and plums. One day he was nearly drowned in the milk-jug; another time he was lost in the salt-box; and when he went with his mother into the fields to milk the cows, she tied him to a thistle with a piece of thread, for fear he should be blown away by the wind. Soon after, a cow ate up the thistle and swallowed

Tom; but Tom scratched and kicked so she was glad to throw him out of her mouth again. Once as he was ploughing with his father, a great eagle swooped down, caught him in its beak, and carried him off to a giant's castle. The giant would have eaten him up, but Tom bit his tongue, and held on by his teeth till the giant in a rage took him out of his mouth and threw him into the sea, where a large fish swallowed him immediately. The fish was caught and made a present to King Arthur, and when the cook opened it, there was Tom Thumb inside. He was carried to the king and became a great favorite and a Knight of the Round Table.

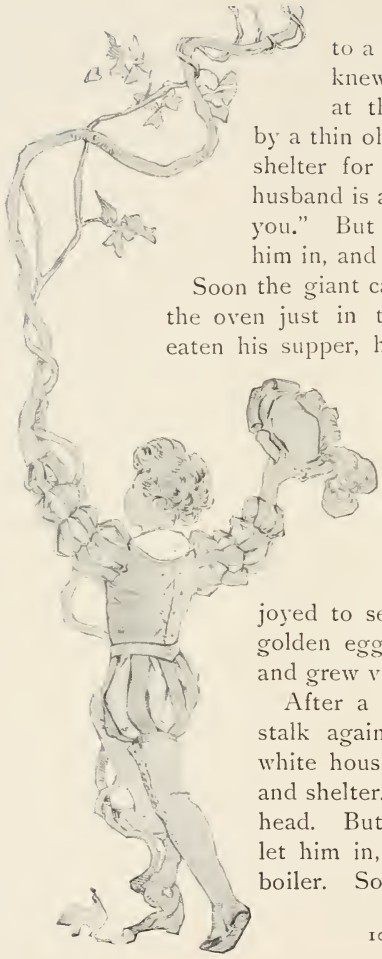


HIS MOTHER WAS GLAD TO SEE HIM.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

THERE was once a widow with an only son named Jack. He was a lazy fellow, and would not work, but spent his mother's money so fast that she grew poorer and poorer. At last she had nothing left but a white cow; and Jack, being sorry for his ways, took it off to sell it. He met a butcher who offered him some bright, colored beans for the cow, and the silly boy gave the cow to the butcher and was happy over his bargain. But his mother was very angry, and took the beans and threw them all into a hole in the garden, and Jack went supperless to bed. The next morning early Jack went out to look at the beans, and found they had sprouted in the night and had a thick stalk that went up to the sky. He at once climbed the stalk, and when he got to the top he found himself in a strange country. A fairy met him, and told him how he might undo the mischief he had done. She told Jack that his father once owned all the land in this country; but a giant killed him, and took all his possessions. She would help Jack find the giant, and guard him from danger so long as he did well. Jack started off, and at sunset came

A FAIRY MET HIM.



to a large white house which he knew was the giant's. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a thin old woman of whom he asked shelter for the night. She said, "My husband is a giant, and will kill and eat you." But Jack begged so hard she let him in, and gave him something to eat.

Soon the giant came in, and Jack slipped into the oven just in time. After the giant had eaten his supper, he called for his hen that laid him a golden egg, whenever he said "Lay."

After a time he grew tired of this play, and fell asleep, and as soon as Jack heard him snoring he seized the hen, and slid down the beanstalk. His mother was overjoyed to see him; and the hen laid golden eggs for them, which they sold, and grew very rich.

After a time Jack climbed the beanstalk again, and made his way to the white house, where he begged for food and shelter. The old woman shook her head. But Jack begged so hard that she let him in, and hid him in the copper boiler. Soon the giant came in and, hav-

ing eaten his supper, called for his money bags. He counted over his gold and silver, then tied up the bags and went to sleep. As soon as Jack heard him snore he jumped out of the boiler, seized the bags, and made off for home as fast as he could.

For a long time Jack stayed at home; but at last he had such a strong desire to visit fairy-land again, that he got up early one morning and climbed the beanstalk, hoping to get back before his mother missed him. The old woman did not recognize him, but when he asked for food she shook her head. But Jack begged so hard that she let him in, and when she heard the giant coming she hid him under a barrel. As soon as the giant entered the house he roared out "I smell meat!" and would not be satisfied until he had made a thorough search. When he had finished he cried out, "Bring me my harp!" and when it was brought to him he shouted "Play!" and it played the most exquisite music, which soon put the giant to sleep.

As soon as the giant began to snore Jack crawled out, seized the harp and started on a run. The harp on being touched screamed out; the giant woke and gave chase, but when he reached the top of the beanstalk Jack was at the bottom, and in a moment he took an axe and chopped down the beanstalk. The giant fell headlong and was killed; and Jack never went up the beanstalk again.

GOODY TWO SHOES.

THERE was once a sweet little girl who was called Goody Two Shoes. For a long time she had only one shoe, and when a kind friend gave her two new ones she was so proud that she ran through the village, crying, "See my two shoes, my lovely two shoes." So the people laughed, and gave her the name of Goody Two Shoes, by which she was known ever afterwards.

She soon learned to read and write, and then taught the other children of the village who were too poor to go to school. She cut letters for them out of wood and made them set up all the words they wanted to spell. She was good and kind to everybody, and when the old school-mistress died, Goody was made school-mistress in her place. She had all sorts of pets and they were all very fond of her.

Goody knew so much that the people in the next village accused her of being a witch. But a host of her friends came and told the judge how kind Goody was, and instead of being hanged or burnt alive, she was publicly thanked for her kindness to the poor. One of the judges of the court fell in love with her, and in a short time they were married, and Goody Two Shoes became Lady Margery. She lived for many years, doing good to all, and making everybody around her as happy as possible.

"SEE MY TWO SHOES, MY LOVELY TWO SHOES."

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A RICH man had three daughters, the youngest of whom was named Beauty. She was a good girl, and her father loved her dearly. When he lost nearly all his money, and had to live in a poor way, Beauty kept things bright and cheerful, and did all the housework without grumbling. One day he was called to the next town on business; and the eldest daughter said, "Bring me a new silk dress;" and the second said, "Bring me a purse full of gold." But Beauty only asked for a rose. The old father came back without the money he had hoped to get; and on the way passed a garden full of roses, and leaned over the fence to get one. As he broke the stem he heard a low growl, and looking up saw a great Beast with a club in its hand. The man begged for mercy, and the Beast said he would let him off, if he would send instead one of his daughters. Beauty went, and found the Beast's house very lovely, and in the breakfast-room was a table set for two.

She sat down and poured the coffee, and the Beast sat opposite to her and seemed very happy. He was very kind to her, and every day he asked her to marry him. One day

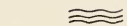
EVERY DAY HE ASKED HER TO MARRY HIM.

he found her crying because she was homesick, and he told her to run home, but to be sure to come back to breakfast the next morning.

Her father was glad to see her, for he thought she was dead; but her sisters were ugly and jealous, and gave her something to drink which made her sleep late. When Beauty woke she ran all the way to the Beast's house, and hunted through every room, but could not find him. Then she ran out into the garden, and there under a rose-bush he lay as if dead. Beauty knelt beside him, put her arms around his thick neck, and kissed his big ugly head.

"Dear Beast, wake up!" she cried. "Don't die, or I shall die too! I love you so!" At these words the Beast jumped up, the rough skin dropped from him, and he was the most beautiful Prince that was ever seen. He had been enchanted, and only Love had power to change his shape. So Beauty and the Beast were married and lived happy ever after.

PUSS IN BOOTS.



THERE was once a Miller who died leaving three sons. The eldest received his mill; the second his cow; and the youngest nothing but his cat. "You need not be anxious, dear master" said the cat, seeing his trouble, "get me a bag and a pair of boots, and you shall be rich.

The young man complied, and Puss went a hunting. When he had bagged some fine rabbits he went to court, and laying them before the King, said: "My Master, the Marquis of Carabas' best service to your Majesty," and the King, well pleased, accepted the gift.

Puss then made his master bathe in a stream by which the King was to dine, and as the royal suite drew near cried, "Help! help! thieves have stolen my master's clothes, and the Marquis will drown." Then the King see-

ing his old friend Puss, sent at once for garments, and the Miller's son, dressed like a prince, was taken into the King's own carriage.

Meantime, sly Puss runs on before, telling men at work in the meadows, and reapers at work in the fields, "These lands belong to the Marquis of Carabas, and unless you tell the King so when he passes you shall be chopped to mince meat."

Puss then came to a castle where an ogre lived, famed for being able to change himself into different animals, and he begged the ogre to show his power. The ogre at once became a lion, and Puss, frightened, asked him to be something smaller. Then the ogre obligingly became a mouse and Puss gobbled him up in a flash. Thus Puss gained a castle for his master, and the King pleased with what he had seen of the young man chose him for a son-in-law.

So the Miller's son wedded the King's daughter, and they all lived in great prosperity and happiness, never forgetting to show Puss the greatest respect and attention.

"YOU NEED NOT BE ANXIOUS, DEAR MASTER" SAID THE CAT.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

DOWN by the water sat a Duck upon her nest, for she had to hatch her ducklings, and was almost tired out before they came. At last one egg-shell after another broke, and little creatures stuck up their heads crying, "Peep! peep!" But there was one egg that would not seem to hatch, and the mother Duck was quite discouraged. At last the egg-shell burst and there crept forth a very large and very ugly Duckling. The old Duck thought it must be a turkey chick, for it was not like her other young ones. But the ugly gray Duckling could swim as well as the rest, if not better. But so ugly was it that it was scoffed at by all the poultry in the farm-yard, and at last it flew over the

fence and went down among the wild ducks. But the wild ducks did not like its looks, and it went where some wild geese were, but had to hide among the reeds for fear of being shot, for the hunters were out. Late in the day it came to a peasant's hut, where lived an old woman with her Tom Cat and her Hen. These two did not think much of the Duckling because it could neither purr nor lay eggs. So it went away, and when winter came on it was nearly frozen to death. But when the glad spring came the ugly Duckling crept down to the water and found itself among some lovely Swans. "If I go near them they will kill me! well let them;" and as it swam toward them it looked down in the water, and lo and behold! it was no longer an ugly Duckling but a graceful Swan.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A KING and Queen had a dear little baby girl born to them, and all the fairies but one were invited to the christening. Each of these fairies presented the child with a gift; one gave wealth, another virtue, another beauty, and so on.

Then the cross old fairy, who had been left out, hobbled into the room, and stretching out a bony finger, said: "On her fifteenth birthday she shall prick her finger with a spindle and die of the wound."

Then there was great sorrow at the court; but another fairy spoke up and said: "She shall not die but shall fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years."

The day the child was fifteen years old she chanced to be left alone in the castle. Roaming about she came to a room in the tower, the door of which was locked. She turned the key, and saw there an old woman spinning

WHERE THE SLEEPING PRINCESS LAY.

flax. "What is this?" asked the Princess, taking the spindle in her hand. Then she gave a loud scream and fell into a deep sleep. When the King and Queen came back, they too fell asleep, and every living thing in the palace became as if dead. And so it was for a hundred years.

One day a king's son was hunting in the woods when he came to the Enchanted Palace. With a stout heart he went through all the rooms until he came to the couch where the sleeping Princess lay. The Prince was so overcome that he knelt down and kissed her on her forehead. She at once awoke, and so did everybody else in the house. The spell was broken, and there were great rejoicings. The next day the Prince and Princess were married—the good fairy came to bless them—and they lived happily ever after.

LITTLE SNOW WHITE.

ONCE upon a time a Queen sat by the window with an ebony frame in her hand, doing some fine embroidery. It was snowing, and she pricked her finger, and as the drops of blood fell on the snow, she thought to herself, "Oh, if I could only have a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as this ebony frame!" Not long afterwards a daughter was born to her whose skin was snow white, whose lips were blood red, and whose hair was black as night. She was named Snow White; and when the child was born the mother died.

THE MIRROR SAID SO.

In about a year the King married again, and his wife was very beautiful, but very vain. Every day her mirror told her that she was the loveliest

woman in the world. Then she was happy. But when Snow White grew up, she became more beautiful than the Queen, and the mirror said so. This made the Queen very jealous, and she tried in every way to get rid of Snow White, but failed. The huntsman could not kill her, nor the wild beasts devour her. She made her home with Seven Dwarfs, who charged her to let no one into the house when they were away. But the Queen came in disguise, and Snow White was deceived: first with a pair of stays, next with a poisoned comb, and lastly with a poisoned apple, which killed her. The Dwarfs could not bury her, but kept her in a glass case, and with tears bewailed her loss. By and by a King's son passed through the forest, and stopped at the Dwarfs' house over night.

He fell in love with Snow White, and offered a large sum for the case containing her. But the Dwarfs would not sell it at any price. The Prince begged so hard that they took pity on him and gave him the case, and as his attendants bore it away they stumbled, and the piece of poisoned apple fell out of Snow White's mouth.

Opening her eyes and raising the lid of the glass case, she exclaimed, "Where am I?" Full of joy the Prince answered, "Safe with me!" and told her all that had taken place. She consented to go with him to his castle, and there was a grand wedding; and the old Queen was there and danced till she fell down dead.

HOP O' MY THUMB.

THERE was once a poor wood-cutter who had seven children, the youngest of whom was so small they called him Hop o' My Thumb. One night Hop overheard his father say, "Wife, we cannot keep these children any longer. We shall all starve to death. Let us take them in the woods and lose them." And the mother agreed.

So Hop got up early the next morning and filled his pockets with pebbles, and when the family went into the woods he dropped a stone now and then along the way. When night came the children found themselves alone, and they began to cry. But Hop o' My Thumb told them not to cry, for he would lead them home; which he did.

That night the mother could not sleep, but kept crying out, "I wish the children were here!" and with that the door opened and in they all ran, shouting, "Here we are, mother!" By-and-by they were too poor again to feed so many mouths, and the children were taken to the woods for the fairies to look after. This time Hop o' My Thumb had only some

crumbs of bread with him, which the birds ate up as soon as he scattered them.

The children cried and cried until they had no more tears to shed, and then walked on and on in search of a house. They came to an Ogre's castle, and as he was out the Ogress let them in and gave them something to eat, and hid them under the bed. When the Ogre came home he cried out, "I smell little children, and I'll have them for supper!" When they heard this they crept out and ran as fast as they could, and hid under a big rock. The next day the Ogre gave chase, and being tired lay down on this rock and took off his seven-league boots. As soon as the old Ogre was asleep, Hop o' My Thumb put on the fairy boots, and hurried away to the Ogre's castle, and said:

"Ogress, Ogre cannot come,
Give great key to Hop o' My Thumb."

She saw the boots and thought it was all right, so gave him the key, and he took away all the gold that was in the castle, and gave it to the poor people around. And Hop o' My Thumb married the King's Daughter, and they were as happy as the day was long.

THIS TIME HOP O' MY THUMB HAD ONLY SOME CRUMBS
OF BREAD WITH HIM, WHICH THE BIRDS ATE UP
AS SOON AS HE SCATTERED THEM.

ALADDIN.

ALADDIN was the only child of a poor tailor named Mustafa. He was an idle fellow, and would not work, nor learn any trade, but spent all his time in the streets. Mustafa fell ill and died, and then Aladdin and his mother were poorer than ever. One day, as Aladdin was lounging through the streets, a man came up, and clasping him in his arms told Aladdin that he was his uncle, his father's younger brother. He made much of the boy, and one morning took him for a long walk in the country. At a certain place he told Aladdin to build a fire, and he did so; when the fire and smoke died away, there was seen a great flat stone with a ring in the centre. The pretended uncle, who was really a magician, told Aladdin to lift the stone and go down into the cavern, and bring him the lamp he would find there. Aladdin did as he was told, and passed through a garden ablaze with jewels, many of which he picked up and put in his pockets and in the bosom of his shirt, where he placed the lamp. When he came to the steps he asked the magician to give him his hand. But this the magician would not do until Aladdin first gave him the lamp. This Aladdin refused to do, and the magician

in a great rage stamped on the ground, threw some perfume on the fire, and the stone slipped back into its place.

Aladdin cried in vain for help, for no one could hear him. In his distress he wrung his hands, and happened to rub a ring the magician had given him. Instantly a Genie stood before him, and said, "I am your slave as long as you wear that ring. What do you want?" "Take me home," said Aladdin; and in a moment he found himself at his own door, and his mother was delighted to see him. All went well with them now, as they had only to rub the lamp or the ring to have all their hearts could wish.

INSTANTLY A GENIE STOOD BEFORE HIM.

Then Aladdin fell in love with a beautiful Princess, and tried hard to win her for his bride. The slave of the lamp built him a magnificent palace, and after a while he married the Princess he loved, and the two lived happily together. But it was not long before the old magician began to make

trouble. Finding that Aladdin was living in splendor, he bought many new lamps and went through the streets of the city crying, "New lamps for old! New lamps for old!" Aladdin was away, and the Princess and her maids were alone in the palace; and one of the girls took the old lamp and gave it to the magician for a new one. As soon as it was dark the magician rubbed the lamp and ordered the slave to remove Aladdin's palace to the centre of Africa. When Aladdin came back, there was no palace and no Princess; and the Sultan said if his daughter was not brought to him within three days Aladdin should be put to death.

Aladdin was in despair. The lamp was gone, but the ring was left!—and giving that a rub the Genie appeared, and transported Aladdin to the very walls of his palace. His wife was watching for him, and let him in through a secret door, and how glad the two were to meet again! The lamp was found and well rubbed, and the slave took the palace and all back again, and everybody was as happy as could be.

JACK, THE GIANT KILLER.

JACK, THE GIANT KILLER.

JACK was a small boy, but he was not afraid of giants. He killed the great giant Cormoran, and cut off his head. Afterwards he slew the great Welsh giant, whom everybody feared. The King's son became very fond of Jack, and told him that the Princess he wished to marry was in the hands of an enchanter, and there was no one to set her free. Jack said, "I will do it;" so he went to a castle where lived a three-headed giant, and obtained from him an old coat, an old hat and an old pair of shoes.

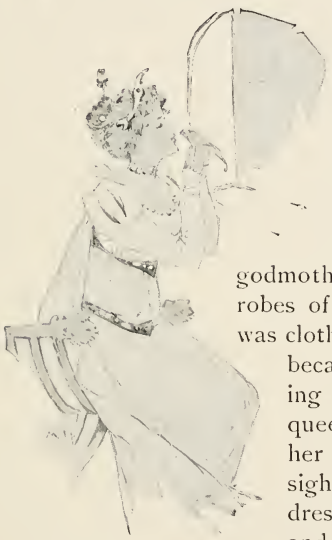
The coat made Jack invisible, and putting it on he went to the house of the enchanter, Gala Gantua, over whose door hung a great horn, with the words on it:

"Whoever can this trumpet blow,
Shall cause the giant's overthrow."

Jack blew a blast that made the walls shake, and all the animals fell down dead. All were Princes and Princesses who had been changed into animals by the enchanter, who never let them escape. The Prince, who came with Jack, found that the Princess whom he loved had been changed into a gazelle. They were soon married, and went to live in the Prince's own palace. Jack married a high-born lady and they lived happily together in the enchanter's castle.

THE BLUEBIRD.

ONCE upon a time there was a very rich king whose wife died, leaving him a beautiful daughter, named Flora. And he married again, and the new queen also had a daughter, who was neither accomplished nor beautiful. She was called Troutina, because her face was covered with freckles, like the spots on the back of a trout. But the fairy, Soressio, was her godmother, and she was dressed in robes of splendor, while poor Flora was clothed in rags and dirt. When it became known that Prince Charming was in search of a wife, the queen determined he should marry her daughter; but he caught sight of Flora, who needed not dress to set off her charms, and he had eyes for no one else. The queen was furious; and to punish him the fairy



THE TWO HAD SWEET TALKS TOGETHER.

changed him to a Bluebird, and Flora was locked up in a tower. But the Bird flew here and there, and at last found his dear Flora and sang love-songs at her window. He brought her rich gifts from his own castle, and the two had sweet talks together. The queen found it out and set traps around the window, so he could not get near it, and he thought Flora had proved false, and she wept because he came no more. Meanwhile a friend of the prince's, an enchanter, went all over the world in search of him, and found him at last, wounded and nearly dead. He took the poor Bluebird from the tree, stanched its blood, and then set out to have a talk with Soressio. The prince was on the point of losing his throne, and the fairy would not change him back to his own shape unless he would marry Troutina. In the meantime Flora was pining herself to death, and one day she set off in disguise in search of Prince Charming. She reached his palace, and by means of a whispering gallery near where he slept, made her presence known, and assured him of her continued love and Troutina's treachery. The enchanter and another kind fairy joined forces against Soressio, and changed Troutina to a pig, and Prince Charming and Flora were married, and great was the joy of all the people.

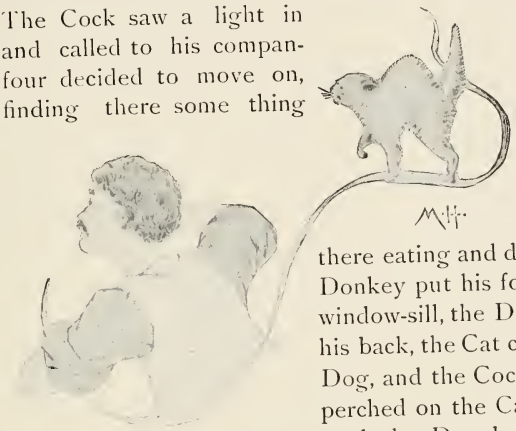
THE PRINCE CUT OFF HER HEAD, AND THERE STOOD BEFORE HIM THE LOVELIEST PRINCESS IN THE WORLD.

THE WHITE CAT.

A KING had three sons and he could not make up his mind which one should be king after him. So he said the one that brings me the prettiest dog at the end of a year shall be king; and the three princes started off to hunt for dogs. The eldest went to the right, the second to the left, and the third one, Felix, went straight ahead till he came to a castle where lived a white cat. He told her about the dog, and she said she would give him one if he would stay with her till the end of the year. So he did, and when the time came to part they both shed tears. The white cat gave Felix a walnut, saying, "The dog is in that." The other brothers had lovely dogs, but when Felix cracked the walnut out dropped a filbert. He thought it was a trick; but when he cracked the filbert there was the loveliest dog in the world. "You have won!" said the king, but now try which one can bring me the finest piece of linen. The elder princes brought pieces that would go through a wedding-ring and ear-ring, but Felix cracked a filbert inside of which was a cherry-stone, and inside the cherry-stone forty yards of stuff that could be drawn through the eye of a needle. "You have won again!" said the king; but now see who can find the most beautiful lady for a wife. When the time came round the white cat said to Felix, "Cut off my head!" "No, no!" said the prince, "I love you too well!" "Do as I tell you!" said the white cat, and the prince cut off her head, and there stood before him the loveliest princess in the world. The old king said, "You have won, Felix; and you shall be king!" But he did not care to be king, but left the crown to his brothers and went to live with his dear princess in the Castle of the White Cat.

THE MUSICIANS OF BREMEN.

A DONKEY, a Dog, a Cat, and a Cock set off for Bremen, where they planned to make music together, and to be admired for their fine voices. When night came on, the Donkey and the Dog lay down to rest under a tree, while the Cat and the Cock climbed up in the branches. The Cock saw a light in the distance, and called to his companions; and all four decided to move on, in hopes of finding there some thing good to eat. They found it a robber's cottage, and robbers were there eating and drinking. The Donkey put his fore feet on the window-sill, the Dog jumped on his back, the Cat climbed on the Dog, and the Cock flew up and perched on the Cat. Then at a given signal the Donkey brayed, the Dog barked, the Cat mewed, and the Cock crew, and the robbers ran out of the house in a great fright. The four musicians, having eaten all they wanted, put out the light and went to bed. At midnight the robbers sent a messenger back to the house, and the Cat spit at him, the Donkey kicked him, the Dog bit him, and the Cock cried out "Cock-a-doodle-do!" and the man ran away as fast as he could, and the robbers never came near the house again.



BLUE BEARD.

A GENTLEMAN had two daughters, Anne and Fatima. A rich man asked that one of the girls should marry him. But he was ugly and had a blue beard, and Anne said she could not love such a man. But Fatima said she was sorry for him, and consented to be his wife. The truth was she wanted to be mistress of his fine house.

One day Blue Beard said to his wife, "I am going away for a year, and will give you the keys of the house. You may open every door but the one to which this is the key." She promised never to use it, and he kissed her good-bye and went away.

Anne and Fatima spent much time in wondering what could be in that room they were forbidden to enter, and one night Fatima took the key and opened the door. She saw the heads of five ladies, cut off, and hanging to the

THE KEY DROPPED FROM HER HAND AND WAS STAINED WITH BLOOD.

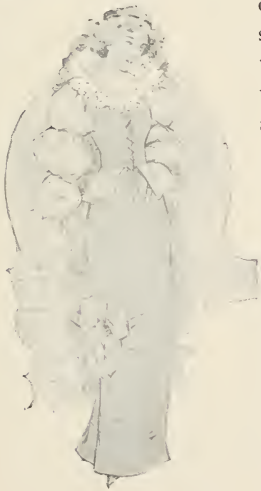
wall by their long hair. The key dropped from her hand and was stained with blood. She and Anne tried to rub it off, but they could not cleanse it.

Then they heard a voice in the hall. Blue Beard had come home! He at once asked for his keys. He saw the stain, and said to Fatima, "In half an hour I will cut off your head to hang with the others."

The two sisters looked in vain for help. Anne leaned out the window thinking each cloud of dust was some one coming to their rescue. Blue Beard broke open the door, and dragged Fatima out to cut off her head; when, just as he raised his sword, there was a shout, and Fatima's brothers rushed into the hall, and Blue Beard's head went off in a flash. Fatima's life was saved, but ever after she was careful about opening doors that were locked.

PRETTY GOLDILOCKS.

GOLDILOCKS was a lovely Princess, with long golden hair, and as soon as the young King saw her he fell desperately in love with her. He sent her rich presents, but she sent them all back, and said she did not wish to marry. Now there lived at the court a young man, named Charming, and he said, "I wish the King had sent me to Princess Goldilocks. I am sure she would have come back with me." When this was told the King he became jealous at once and shut the Prince up in a tower. After awhile he felt sorry, and set Prince Charming free, and sent him with rich gifts to the Princess. As he rode along he saw a fish lying gasping on the grass, and he sprang from his horse and threw it back into the river. A little further on



GOLDILOCKS WAS A LOVELY PRINCESS, WITH LONG GOLDEN HAIR.

he rescued a Raven from an Eagle that was just going to kill it. After this he found an Owl caught in a net, and set the poor bird free. When he came to the Palace where the Princess lived he offered her the gifts the King had sent. But she would have none of them. "I have made a vow to marry the one who brings me the gold ring I lost in the river some time ago." Charming was miserable as he walked by the river-side; but soon his grief was turned to joy, when the fish whose life he had saved swam with his head out of the water and the ring in his mouth. Still the Princess would not return with Prince Charming to marry the King, and the Prince was discouraged. Then she said to the Prince, "Why do you not remain here and marry me and I will make you King of my country?" This he was too honorable to do; so he took the Princess home to his King, and the two were married, and there was a magnificent wedding. But the King was still jealous of Charming, and shut him up in the tower to die of hunger and thirst. But the King died first, and the Queen at once ran to the tower and set Prince Charming free. A month later Prince Charming and Goldilocks were married, and were the happiest King and Queen that ever lived.

RHYMES

BY

ELIZABETH S. TUCKER.

LITTLE "PIGS IN CLOVER,"
SNUGGLING, SOFT AND WHITE.

GUINEA PIGS.

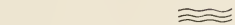
LITTLE "Pigs in Clover,"
Snuggling, soft and white,
Peeping from under cover
With eyes so round and bright.

You're not like "pigs" the least, dears,
You're really clean and neat.
Nibble away at your feast, dears,
Cozy and safe and sweet.

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

WHAT ARE YOU ALL SOFT AND WHITE,
STARING WITH YOUR EYES SO BRIGHT?

CHILD AND LAMB.



Child.

WHAT are you all soft and white,
Staring with your eyes so bright?
Do you live out here?
Did your mother say you might
Play here in the warm sunlight?
Do you stay here all the night?
Tell me, woolly dear!

Lamb.

WHAT is this, so like a Rose,
Just the biggest kind that grows?
Can it run and eat?
Has no wool, and just two toes!
Will it fear me, do you s'pose,
If I kiss it with my nose,—
Will you, little sweet?

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

YOU DIDN'T MIND IT;
YOU KNEW IT WAS PLAY.

PUSSY CAT GRAY.

PUSSY Cat Gray,
Do you 'member the day
I harnessed you
And you ran away?

'Twas only fun,
Sweet Pussy Cat Gray!
You didn't mind it;
You knew it was play.

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

BUT THE BEST IN ALL THE STABLE
IS MY OWN LITTLE DONKEY GRAY!

MY DONKEY.

MOTHER may have her pony,
Father may ride his "Bay"—
But the best in all the stable
Is my own little Donkey Gray!

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

OH POLLY—P-R-E-T-T-Y POLLY.

PRETTY POLL!

A-TRYING and a-buying
A bonnet grand in Town,
With bows on, and a rose on,
To match my new pink gown.

A-crooking, and a-looking
In the little looking-glass,
'Tis true I thought I saw there
A very lovely lass.

When a-bridling and a-sidling
Said a very horrid bird—
"Oh Polly—P-r-e-t-t-y Polly"
In a tone the folks all heard.

He called it, and he squalled it,
And made the people laugh!
Now do you think he meant it,
Or was it only "chaff"?

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

BRIGHT EYES AND SOFT WHITE COAT,
PINK NOSE AND GLOVE!

LITTLE WHITE MOUSE.

CUDDLE down, cuddle down,
Soft little Dear.
Carlo and Pussy Cat
Shall not come near.

Under my long soft curls
Find a warm house,
No one shall touch you there,
Little white mouse.

Bright eyes and soft white coat,
Pink nose and glove!
Better than all my pets
Mousie I love!

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

WHY DO YOU FLY
DOWN FROM THE SKY?

THE DOVES.

GRAY doves and white,
Through morning light
Wheeling soft wings in air,
Why do you fly
Down from the sky,
Isn't it best up there?

"Oh," they all cooed,
"Red Riding Hood
Gives us our daily crumbs,
Though winds do blow,
Though deep the snow,
We know she always comes."

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

I MET A SQUIRREL IN THE PARK,
ONE FROSTY MORNING EARLY.

THE SQUIRREL.

I MET a squirrel in the Park,
One frosty morning early,
He couldn't quite tell which I was—
A Squirrel, or a Girlie.

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

BIDDY'S WEE CHICKS ARE YELLOW GOLD.

"CHICKS."

FOUR little Chicks in the springtime,
Out in the warm sunshine.
Three of the chicks are Biddy Hen's,
And one of them is mine.

Biddy's wee chicks are yellow gold,
Mine like a rose so fair,
Hers are in downy jackets soft,
Mine must have clothes that tear.

I wonder sometimes if Biddy Hen,
Clucking the whole day through,
Isn't answering countless questions,
Just as I have to do.

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

SOMETIMES WITH STRANGE SOUNDS IT COMES.

THE GOLD-FISH SPEAKS.

IN the World outside our Dish
Lives the queerest-looking fish!
Which swims about in the oddest way.
Changing its colors every day.

Two black "fins," and two of white,
Dance and wave from morn till night,
It has floating hair of golden hue,
Its "gills" are red and its eyes are blue.

Sometimes with strange sounds it comes,
Bringing us delicious crumbs;
But its eyes and mouth, so big and wide,
Frighten us all to the other side.

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

THE RABBITS.

THE RABBIT DANCE.

IN the night-time,
At the right time—
So I've understood—
'Tis the habit
Of Sir Rabbit
To dance in the Wood!

And perhaps if you and I are bold,
And wait till the Moon is big and old,
We can creep—and the Rabbit's Dance behold!

Elizabeth S Tucker.

OF ALL THE PETS TO LOVE AND HUG
THE NICEST IS A LITTLE PUG.

DEAR PUGGY.

OF all the pets to love and hug
The nicest is a little Pug.
With velvet nose
And nimble toes,
He's always ready for a run
He's always full of play and fun.

He'll sit, and "Lady calling" play,
And "shake hands" in the nicest way
With Lady Poll,
My biggest doll.
And when we walk out in the street
In every race he's sure to beat!

Oh you'ld believe me, if you knew
A little cunning Puggy too;
And you'ld agree
I think with me,—
Of all the pets to love and hug,
The nicest is a darling Pug!

Elizabeth S. Tucker.

MOTHER GOOSE JINGLES.

MOTHER GOOSE.

LITTLE Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep
And can't tell
Where to find them
Leave them alone,
And they'll come home
Wagging their tails behind them.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

AS Tommy Snooks and
Betsey Brooks
Were walking out one Sun-
day,
Said Tommy Snooks to Bet-
sey Brooks
To-morrow will be Monday.

LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper
What shall he sing for
White bread and butter

How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife
How will he marry
Without e'er a wife.

LITTLE TOM TUCKER

LUCY Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it.
There was not a penny in it,
But a ribbon 'round it.

THE North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then
poor thing?

He will hop to the barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing:
poor thing.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW.

PUSSY cat, Pussy cat,
where have you been?"
"I've been to London
to look at the Queen."
"Pussy cat, Pussy cat
what did you there?"
"I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair."

LITTLE Miss Muffet, sat on a tuffet,
Eating some curds and whey,
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away!

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

AS I was going up
Primrose Hill
Primrose Hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropped me a
courtesy.

LITTLE Nancy Etticote,
In a white petticoat
With a red nose,
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

LITTLE NANCY ETTICOTE.

THERE was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley,
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, Oh! shall I?"

Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What shall we do?"
Says the little boy to the little girl
"I will kiss you."

HUSH a bye baby on the tree top
When the wind blows the cradle will rock
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby, cradle and all.—

HUSH A BYE BABY ON THE TREE TOP.

LITTLE Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes.
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum
And said: "What a good boy am I!"

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

DING, dong, bell,
Pussy in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.

Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout;
What a naughty boy was that,
To try and drown poor pussy-cat?

CURLY-locks, Curly-locks
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes
Nor yet feed the swine.

But sit on a cushion
And sew a fine seam
And feast upon strawberries
Sugar and cream!

CURLY-LOCKS.

HOT cross buns, hot cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.
If your daughters don't like them
Give them to your sons,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after!

JACK AND JILL.

LITTLE Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn
The sheep's in the meadow
The cow's in the corn!
Where is the little boy minding his sheep?
Under the hay-cock fast asleep?

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing,
Wasn't that a dainty dish,
To set before the King?

MISTRESS Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells, and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY.

WHEN I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon the shelf.
The rats and the mice they made such a strife
I was forced to go to London to buy myself a wife.

The streets were so broad and the lanes were so narrow
I had to bring my wife home on a wheel-barrow.
The wheel-barrow broke and my wife had a fall,
Down came wheel-barrow, little wife and all.

WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR.

BOBBY Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee.
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair.
He's my love for evermore
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket
Ninety times as high as the moon
And where she was going I couldn't but ask it
For in her hand she carried a broom.

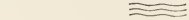
"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"Oh whither, Oh whither, Oh whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with you?" "Aye. By-and-by."

RHYMES

BY

EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE SNOW-BALL CHIEFTAIN.



ALL in the tingling frosty weather
I met a chieftain brave and bright;
He'd scarlet hat with snow-white feather,
His step was brisk and light.

His twinkling eyes were soft and starlike,
His lips and cheeks were rosy red;
"He doesn't look so very warlike!"
Beneath my breath I said.

So I a kind good-morning bid him.—
With snow-balls three he pelted me;

"HE DOESN'T LOOK SO VERY WARLIKE!"
BENEATH MY BREATH I SAID.

Then laughed, and ran, and quickly hid him
Behind a hemlock tree!

Edith M. Thomas.

I'M A PROPHET; I CAN SPY
IN THIS BRANCH SO BROWN AND DRY
LEAVES AND FLOWERS THAT SOON WILL WAKE.

THE LITTLE PROPHET.

(February Speaks.)

THOUGH the clouds are hanging low,
And the streams can hardly go
(All their babbling voices dumb),
Trust me, better days will come!
Don't despair.

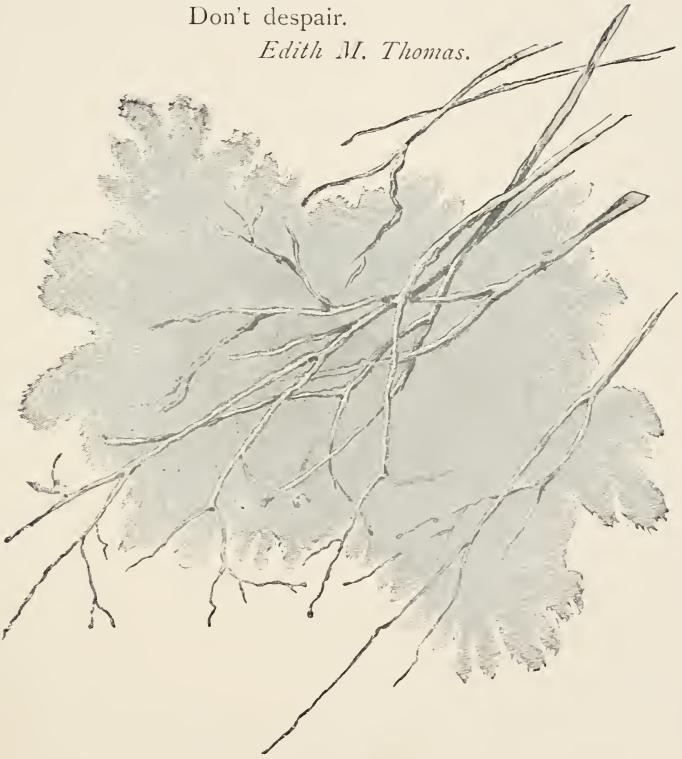
I'm a prophet, I'm a seer:
I can see, and I can hear,
Singing travellers on their way
To this Northland bleak and gray;
Don't despair.

I have seen the field-mice run
All abroad, to take the sun;
I have heard the peeper's plaint,
From the marshes, far and faint;
Don't despair.

THE LITTLE PROPHET.

I'm a prophet; I can spy
In this branch so brown and dry
Leaves and flowers that soon will wake
And their prison-fetters break
Don't despair.

Edith M. Thomas.



MARCH AND PUSSY-WILLOW.

IF you ask me why I am laughing so,
I will tell you true.—An hour ago,
As I played on the bank of the silvery creek,
I broke off a branch from the Willow sleek.

Oh ho! it was fun to hear and to see
How she fretted and fumed and scolded me.
She called on the Wind—the Wind came light—
And together they beat me left and right.

But all her lashes and all her whips
Only tickled my cheeks, with their fleecy tips:

SHE FANCIED SHE HURT ME—SHE DIDN'T, YOU KNOW,—
AND THAT IS WHY I AM LAUGHING SO!

She fancied she hurt me—she didn't, you know,—
And that is why I am laughing so!

Edith M. Thomas.

ASK ME NOT WHY APRIL'S EYES
FILL WITH TEARS AND SMILES TOGETHER,

APRIL THE TRICKSTER.

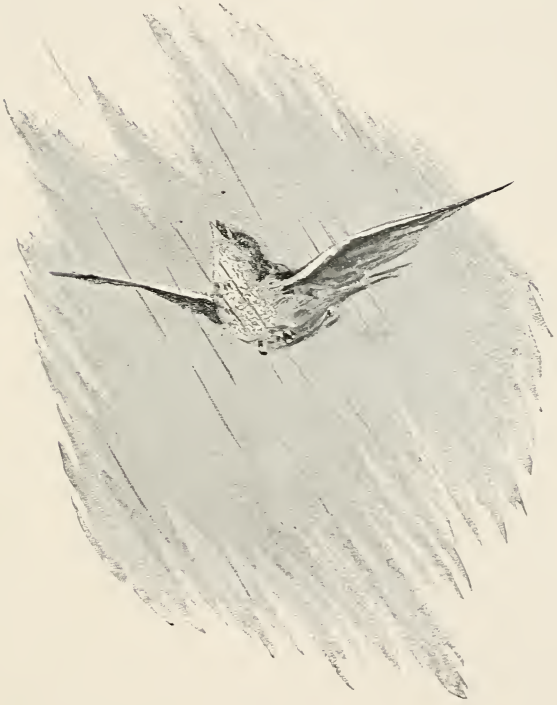
ASK me not why April's skies
Every hour show some new weather;
Ask me not why April's eyes
Fill with tears and smiles together.

April's sweet, yet April's shrewd—
You will trust him to your cost!
Though the fields with flowers are strewed,
He may send a nipping frost.

If you put your sunshade on,
With a hail-storm he will greet you;

If your water-proof you don,
To fine weather he will treat you!

Edith M. Thomas.



IN THE ORCHARD.

UNDER the blooming orchard tree,
I hear the little maid May,
Singing, "Why can't you stay with me,
Dear blossoms, why can't you stay?

I'll love you true, my whole life through,"
Promises little maid May.

Then I seem to hear the blossoms sigh.
"Sweetheart, it cannot be;
Your brother September will by and by
Seek apples under this tree:

"WHY CAN'T YOU STAY WITH ME,
DEAR BLOSSOMS, WHY CAN'T YOU STAY?"

We blossoms all must wither and fall,
Or apples there'll never be!"

Edith M. Thomas.

WHAT DOES THE DAISY SEE,
IN THE BREEZY MEADOW TOSSING?

THE DAISY.

WHAT does the daisy see,
In the breezy meadow tossing?
It sees the wide blue overhead
And the little cloud-flocks crossing.

What does the daisy see,
'Round the sunny meadow glancing?
It sees the butterflies' chase,
And the filmy gnats at their dancing.

What does the daisy see,
Down in the grassy thickets?
The grasshoppers green and brown,
And the nimble, coal-black crickets.

It sees the bobolink's nest
That no one else can discover,

And the brooding mother-bird,
With the floating grass above her.

Edith M. Thomas.

JULY AND THE BUMBLE-BEE.

JULY comes with song and laughter,
Clover-blossoms in her hands;
Bumble-bee comes buzzing after,—
Jacket brown with yellow bands.

"I have been the whole field over,
North and south and east and west;
And if I'm a judge of clover,
You, July, have found the best!

"I'll give all my honey-pleasures
That in fields and gardens lie,
If you'll share the stolen treasures,
In your dainty hands, July!"

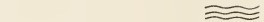
IF I'M A JUDGE OF CLOVER,
YOU HAVE FOUND THE BEST!

"No sir! for you fret and grumble;
(Grumble-bee 's the name for you!)
But if ever you grow humble
What you ask me, then I'll do!"

Edith M. Thomas.

THE WATER-LILY HAS A HEART OF GOLD,
BUT YET SHE HIDES A SECRET NEVER TOLD.

THE WATER-LILY.



THE Water-lily has a heart of gold,
But yet she hides a secret never told;
The dragon-fly could tell it if he would;
The piping sand-lark too has understood!

She loves the burning sun, she loves the shade;
Her lonely mystery makes me half afraid:
When I my eager hands reach out to her,
She floats away,—a fairy voyager!

I only know, before the lily blooms,
A long time she must sleep in watery glooms;

And when she dies, she droops her lovely head
Down, down upon the river's shaded bed!

Edith M. Thomas.

SEPTEMBER.

COUNT all the plumes of golden-rod,
That by the country roadsides nod;
Count all the little feathery blooms
That make the golden-rod's gay plumes—

So many times I love this sprite,
With sun-burnt cheeks and eye-beams bright,
Who shoulder-deep in yellow flowers,
Spends all the lazy sunshine hours.

The finches, dressed in gold and black,
Are always flitting on his track,

I LOVE THIS SPRITE,
WITH SUN-BURNT CHEEKS AND EYE-BEAMS BRIGHT.

And sometimes frolic spiders lay
Their tickling webs across his way!

Edith M. Thomas.

HE TOUCHES FIRST THE MAPLE LEAF
WHICH BITING FROSTS HAVE BROUGHT TO GRIEF.

OCTOBER THE ARTIST.

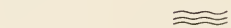
OCTOBER is an artist rare,
He paints new pictures, every day;
His colors come from who knows where?—
Red, orange, purple, misty gray:
He touches first the maple leaf
Which biting frosts have brought to grief.

He paints the grass, and every vine
That clambers over fence or wall:
His hazel eyes mischievous shine,
For when the leaves begin to fall,

He makes them dance around, around,
In elfin rings along the ground!

Edith M. Thomas.

THE HOLLY.



AS dreaming by my fire I sat,
I heard a merry din;
The door I opened wide; at that,
A stranger-child stepped in.
He wore a fleecy, warm, white hat
Tied round his dimpled chin.

Green leaves and berries red he brought;
His face and voice were jolly:—
"I have no flowers; but these, I thought,
Would cure your melancholy.

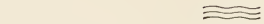
GREEN LEAVES AND BERRIES RED HE BROUGHT.

I'll sing a song, that I've been taught,—
It's called, 'Heigh ho, the holly!'"

Edith M. Thomas.

A GOOD-NIGHT KISS TO YOU I BLOW,
AS I TRIP UNDER THE MISTLETOE!

THE MISTLETOE.



SLY elf, with rosy finger tips
Pressed tightly on your rosy lips,
I pray you, tell us what you know
About this branch of mistletoe.

DECEMBER SPEAKS.

The Mistletoe is old and wise,
And always watched by cunning spies;
I do not dare to tell you how
And where I found this curious bough,
Oh, if I should forget, and speak,
They 'd pull my ear, and pinch my cheek!
And this is why my finger tips
I press so tightly on my lips.

A good-night kiss to you I blow,
As I trip under the mistletoe!

Edith M. Thomas.

AMERICAN CHILD.

The Volunteer Speaks.

YES, I am ready to be
A soldier by land or sea,
For my heart is warm
and true;

I am my Country's knight,
Peace will I keep—or fight—
Just as she bids me do!

Edith M. Thomas.

YES, I AM READY TO BE
A SOLDIER BY LAND OR SEA.

AFRICAN CHILD.

(To the Hollyhock.)

MERRY friend and jolly fellow,—
Children of the sun are we;
I am brown and you are yellow,
Yet we always do agree.

You and I are never fretting—
Sweet, old, homely Holyhock—
'Bout the freckles we'll be getting,
If we venture out to walk!

You can't walk—but then you're growing
Taller every day than I;—
You can't walk—yet there's no knowing
But you'll sometime reach the sky!

Edith M. Thomas.

YOU AND I ARE NEVER FRETTING—SWEET, OLD, HOMELY HOLLYHOCK.

DUTCH CHILD.

OH, a sturdy little pilgrim
All the way from Hollow-Land,
With your cosey cap and muff,
And your skates in hand!

If I tried to catch and kiss you
Roly-poly, round, and sweet,
I suspect that you would tie
Wings upon your feet.

Away, away you will be flitting
Down the river smooth as glass;
I, upon the bank, will throw
Kisses as you pass.

Edith M. Thomas.

WITH YOUR COSEY CAP AND MUFF, AND YOUR SKATES IN HAND!

A LITTLE HIGHLANDER.

HERE'S a brave lad from the highland and heather—
Here's a true lad with tartan and feather,—
Full of the joy of the wild spring weather!
March!
March!

Who within doors with dull care would be staying
When the wind, through the naked treetops straying,
Sounds like a pibroch that minstrels are playing?
March!
March!

Here's a blithe heart as light as the swallow,
Here's a bold chieftain—who'll follow, who'll follow,
Over the meadow, up hill and down hollow?
March!
March!

Edith M. Thomas.

HERE'S A TRUE LAD WITH TARTAN AND FEATHER.

GERMAN CHILD.

PLUMP as ripe September peach
(On the bough just out of reach),
Cheerful as September sun
When the bravest work is done,
Bright your face as morning sky!
Liebling—darling—why so shy?

Simple little German maid,
With your cap and flaxen braid,
Snowy kerchief smooth and neat,
Wooden shoes upon your feet—
Lift to mine your modest eye—
Liebling—darling—why so shy?

BRIGHT YOUR FACE AS MORNING SKY! LIEBLING—
DARLING—WHY SO SHY?

Dear home-body, homely dressed—
(Like a brown thrush in its nest)—
Here's a little song in praise
Of your helpful hands and ways!
With a dimpled smile reply;—
Liebling—darling—why so shy?

Edith M. Thomas.

THE FLEUR-DE-LIS.

"GO, midget maiden, sweet to see
(And sweet to kiss if that might be),
Go search the garden through and through,
And bring the flower you love most true."

The midget maid from La Belle France
Threw back an arch and laughing glance:
"I'm April's pet and precious tease,
I change my mind just when I please."

She plucked a rose, a sprig of May,
A daffodil, a tulip gay,
A pink, a modest violet,
A daisy white, and mignonette;

BUT THEN, JUST THEN, SHE CHANCED TO SEE
THE FLOWER OF FRANCE, THE FLEUR-DE-LIS.

But then, just then, she chanced to see
The flower of France, the fleur-de-lis ;
She laughed outright, and dropped the rest,—
"This flower I love the very best !"

Edith M. Thomas.

CANADIAN CHILD.

"GAY little cousin
Beyond the Great Lakes
(A darling rose-bud
Amid the white flakes!)

How far is it, pray,
To the foot of the hill?"
"A swallow's flight
So smooth and so still!"

"And, prithee, how far
To the top of the hill?"
"Oh, a snail's pace
With a patient will!"

Edith M. Thomas.

"GAY LITTLE COUSIN, BEYOND THE GREAT LAKES."

SWEDISH CHILD.

I MET a little Swedish child,
And deep and thoughtful were her eyes;
My willing fancy she beguiled
With many a legend strange and wild.

She told of witching water-sprites
Of nimble dwarfs and giants grim,
Of dancers 'mid the Northern Lights
That wave their banners o'er the heights.

She sang me many a cunning rhyme,
Then up she rose in haste, and cried,
"I must be gone, the church-bells chime,
I'll tell the rest another time!"

Edith M. Thomas.

I MET A LITTLE SWEDISH CHILD, AND DEEP AND THOUGHTFUL WERE HER EYES.

SPANISH CHILD.

A SOFT brown eye and a loving heart,
A winsome smile—yet a roguish art,
For my little lady has learned the trick,
With motion slow and motion quick,

To make her fan speak whatever she will,
Though her dainty lips are perfectly still.
Take care! when the days are drowsy and warm,
She will put you to sleep with a waving charm!

Edith M. Thomas.

TO MAKE HER FAN SPEAK WHATEVER SHE WILL,
THOUGH HER DAINTY LIPS ARE PERFECTLY STILL.

THE RUSSIAN CHILD.

LITTLE subject of the Czar,
Tell us what your projects are.
"Oh, beneath the singing pine
I will build a palace fine
All of sparkling snow and ice,
Decked with many a rich device!
And I'll not be there alone,
For I'll build a royal throne
And I'll make a Czar of snow
And trim courtiers bowing low.
On his head a crown he'll wear,
In his hand a sceptre bear!
Then a guard of snow I'll set,
With an icy bayonet,
At the door to keep afar
All who plot against my Czar."

Edith M. Thomas.

LITTLE SUBJECT OF THE CZAR, TELL US WHAT YOUR PROJECTS ARE.

ENGLISH CHILD.

YOU'RE not content with the roses alone
The roses' lover you too would bind!
Ah, little fingers be soft and kind,
Lightly, lightly, the butterfly hold!
He has only one day to call his own,
And you, my sweet, have a thousand-fold.

Edith M. Thomas.

AH, LITTLE FINGERS BE SOFT AND KIND, LIGHTLY
LIGHTLY, THE BUTTERFLY HOLD!

MAY.

(Italian Child.)

"When you tell your
beads, dear May,
For what blessings do you pray?"

"That no frost my flowers may
fear,

That no danger shall come near
Any helpless downy thing
Still too young to fly or sing?"

Edith M. Thomas.

"WHEN YOU TELL YOUR BEADS, DEAR MAY, FOR WHAT BLESSINGS DO YOU PRAY?"

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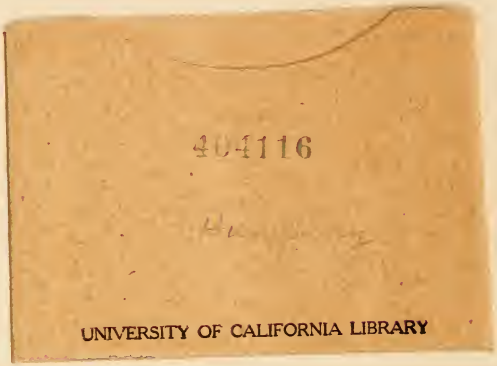
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